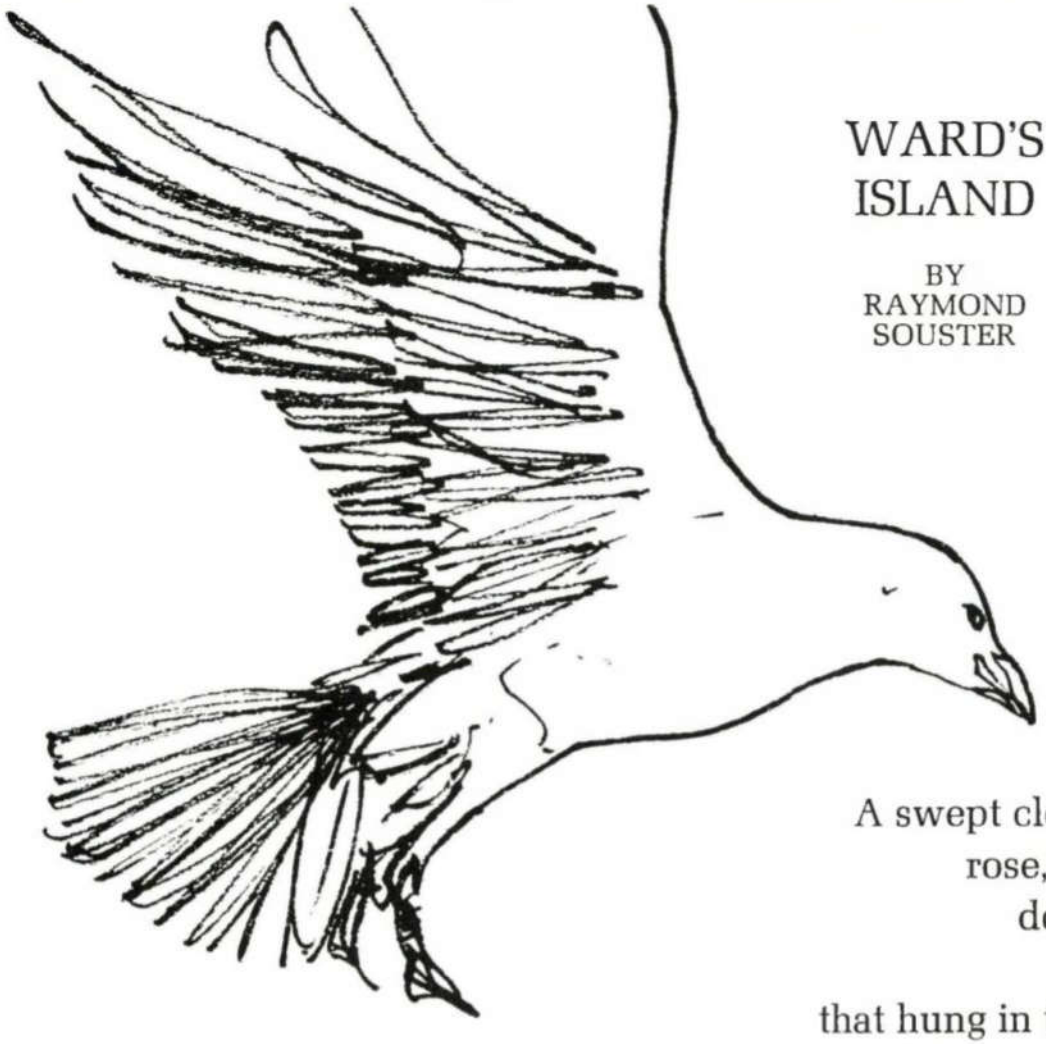
The Beaver

SPRING 1971



WARD'S ISLAND

BY
RAYMOND
SOUSTER

A swept cloud of seagulls
rose, then shattered
down the beach.
In the pause
that hung in the turbulence,
two mallards with wing-stroke
of patience, strength of all
continent-crossers, arrowed down
evening-empty sands, leaving summer
which had hardly been
inevitably over.

Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

presents this work as one of a new series written by Canadian poets, illustrated by Canadian artists

The Beaver

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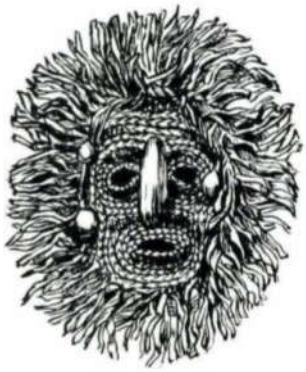

Iroquois corn husk mask

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H B C COLLN

Beaver hunting as conceived in an Italian engraving of 1760 published in Monaco.

CASTOR THE BEAVER

A MISCELLANY

ROSEMARY GILLIAT

FOR MANY CENTURIES before the European arrived, the northern part of America might be said to be 'in the possession of two distinct races of Beings, Man and the Beaver,' observed David Thompson in 1797. In the early struggle between the two 'the poor Indian', with simple weapons and naked unless he procured skins of animals, 'was weak against the sagacious Beaver' and 'the dry land with the dominions of Man contracted, every where he was hemmed in by water without the power of preventing it: he could not diminish the numbers half so fast as they multiplied, and their houses were proof against his pointed stake, and his arrows could seldom pierce their skins'. When 'Axes, Chissels, Knives, Spears and other articles of iron' were introduced by the traders the balance of power shifted and the beaver 'became an easy prey to the Hunter'.

The sagacious animal may have adapted its way of life to cope with the new threat. Samuel Hearne, in 1771, denying that beaver houses had different rooms for different functions, mentioned that there were sometimes double or treble houses and continued with the description of a rare lodge: 'I have seen a large beaver-house built in a small island, that had near a dozen apartments under one roof: and, two or three of these only excepted, none of them had any communication with each other but by water. As there were beaver enough to inhabit each apartment, it is more than probable that each family knew its own, and always entered at their own door, without having any farther connection with their neighbours than a friendly intercourse. . . The Indians of my party killed twelve old beaver, and twenty-five young and half-grown ones out of the house above mentioned; and on examination found that several had escaped their vigilance, and could not be taken. . . .'

James Isham, resident on Hudson Bay for more than twenty-five years until his death in 1761, noted that 'in some houses an Indian will kill 15 or 20 beavers, and in others not above 2 or 3.'

The number of beaver in a lodge, which is normally a one-family house, would depend to some extent then, as today, on the age of the family unit. There are usually three to four kits in a litter, born about May or June, and they remain at home until they are mature at two years old. A lodge might therefore house parents, yearlings, and kits, or it might be the newly established house of a young pair.

David Thompson wrote: 'The Indians think the Male and Female are faithful to each other, they bring up their young for the first year with care and protection, until the next spring when the female is about to litter she drives them all away.' At this time the two-year-olds would be driven away to find mates and suitable sites for their own houses and dams. The male parent and the yearlings would return from their temporary home in an empty lodge or bank burrow.

Alexander Henry, while captive of the Ojibwas in 1763 and hunting with them said: 'According to the Indians, the beaver is much given to jealousy. If a strange male approaches the cabin, a battle immediately ensues. Of this, the female remains an unconcerned spectator, careless to which party the law of conquest may assign her . . . The Indians add, that the male is as constant as he is jealous, never attaching himself to more than one female; while the female, on her side, is always fond of strangers.

'Beavers, say the Indians, were formerly a people endowed with speech, not less than with the other noble faculties they possess; but, the Great Spirit has taken this away from them, lest they should grow superior in understanding to mankind.'

'. . . in order to approach more closely a place where on landing I had remarked some large trees half cut through, I advanced quietly on all fours, to see without being seen, these beautiful born architects . . . There were a dozen of them, who pressing close to one another and standing on their hind feet were sawing, or rather cutting with their teeth a large tree about 12 feet in circumference, whilst more than fifty others were occupied in cutting and trimming the branches of another tree already fallen.'

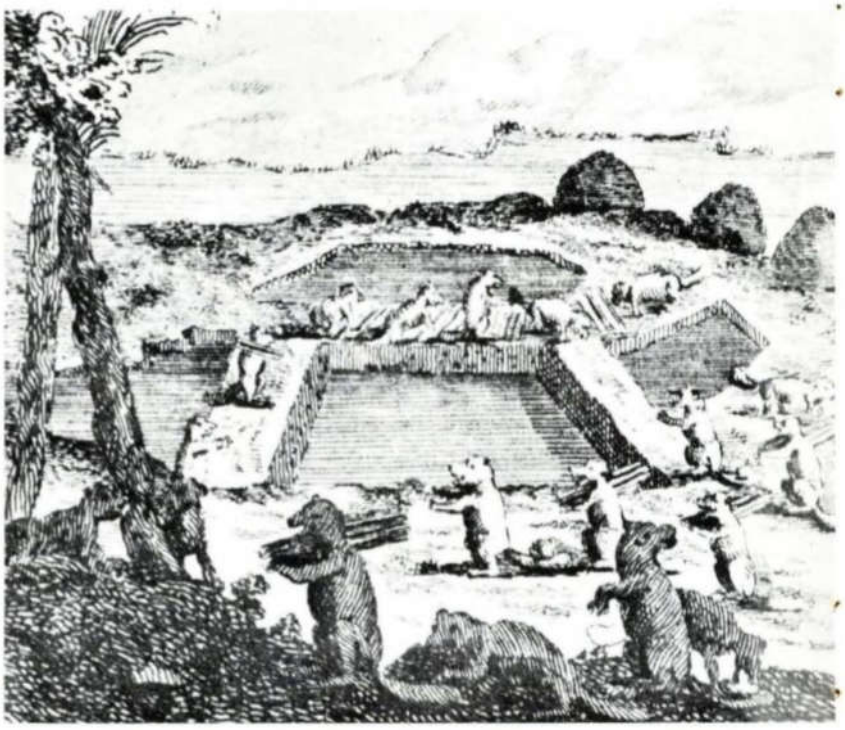
Claude Le Beau, about his alleged activities in New France, 1729-30.

'In the spring, all those of the same district, or quarter, gather together, and, walking two and two, they go in a body to hunt for animals of their own species; and all those they can catch they lead into their dens, where they make them work like slaves. With their teeth they cut down whole trees, and these again into small pieces, each of a certain length, and carry those materials into their habitations, where they build with them apartments for themselves, and rooms, or lodges, to lay up the provisions which they gather in summer. This we learn from Mr Ever. Ifbrantz Ides, 1692. . . . The beaver uses it's tail not only to swim, with the help of it's hind legs, but it serves also as a beater, a trowel, and a hod, to prepare and carry the mortar, when the animal wants to build it's mansion, which is sometimes two or three stories high. . . . This account of the beaver cannot but be true, being extracted from that which Monsieur Sarazin, the French king's physician in Canada, sent . . . 1704.
[added later information provided by Arthur Dobbs]:
. . . the ingenious works of these animals; the wonderful banks, or moles, which they build with no other help but their paws and their tails; their republics, which are so well governed;'

Malachy Postlethwayt, Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, 1751.

'It's very curious to see the Nature of these Amphibious creatures are indued with;—they have a house they build mostly by creeks or Rivilets, the strength & Curiousness of which house would puzle a good workman to do the Like,—the housses are of Different Sizes, which they style, some being 10 foot above the water & Earth, in the shape of an oven, being all close, and made of Stones sticks and mudd, plaster'd over, which is Done with their tail, the Slave beaver bringing all the Stuff, and Cutts the wood Down, . . . the inside is Spatious and Divided into 3 parts, one for their food, another for their Extrements, and the third where they Lye, having water under and Kep't as clean as any human person cou'd do, carrying all filth and Nastiness on one side.'

James Isham, 1743.



'Beavers building their Hutts' is from an educational book for children, The whole world displayed, *published by John Newbery in London in 1760. The beavers having built a nice palisaded dam, complete with ramps, carry up the logs on their shoulders.*

Carrying an aspen sapling to the water. LEONARD LEE RUE

'I cannot refrain from smiling, when I read the accounts of different Authors who have written on the oeconomy of those animals, as there seems to be a contest between them, who shall most exceed in fiction. But the Compiler of the Wonders of Nature and Art seems, in my opinion, to have succeeded best in this respect; as he has not only collected all the fictions into which other writers on the subject have run, but has so greatly improved on them, that little remains to be added to his account of the beaver, beside a vocabulary of their language, a code of their laws, and a sketch of their religion, to make it the most complete natural history of that animal which can possibly be offered to the public. . . . To deny that the beaver is possessed of a very considerable degree of sagacity, would be as absurd in me, as it is in those Authors who think they cannot allow them too much. . . . their "plaistering the inside of their houses with a composition of mud and straw, and swimming with mud and stones on their tails," are still more incredible. The form and size of the animal, notwithstanding all its sagacity, will not admit of its performing such feats; and it would be as impossible for a beaver to use its tail as a trowel, except on the surface of the ground on which it walks, as it would have been for Sir James Thornhill to have painted the dome of St Paul's cathedral without the assistance of scaffolding. . . . It is a mistaken notion, that the wood-work [in their houses] is first completed and then plaistered; for the whole of their houses, as well as their dams, are from the foundation one mass of wood and mud, mixed with stones, if they can be procured. . . . and though their fore-paws are so small, yet it is held close up between them, under their throat, that they carry both mud and stones; while they always drag the wood with their teeth.

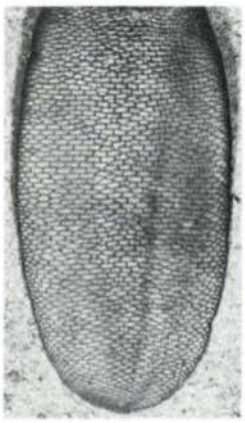
'With respect to the inferior, or slave-beaver, of which some Authors speak . . . It sometimes happens, that a beaver is caught, which has but a very indifferent coat, and which has broad patches on the back, and shoulders almost wholly without hair. This is the only foundation for asserting that there is an inferior, or slave beaver, among them. And when one of the above description is taken, it is perhaps too hastily inferred that the hair is worn off from those parts by carrying heavy loads: whereas it is most probable that it is caused by a disorder that attacks them somewhat similar to the mange . . . it is rare to see one of them in the course of seven or ten years.'

Samuel Hearne, 1771

ROSEMARY GILLIAT

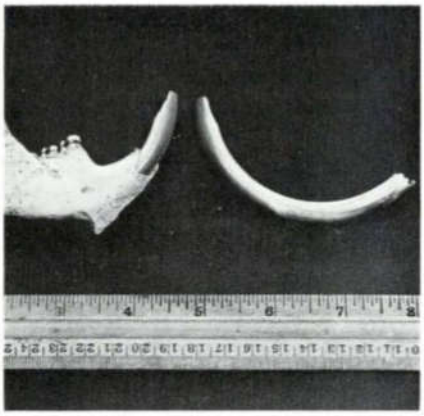
'It's tail has no resemblance to that of any land animal: it comes much nearer to that of a fish. It is about a foot long, without hair, being covered with a scaly skin, under which is found a firm fat, pretty much like the flesh of a porpoise.'
M. Sarazin, 1704.

'While a hunter, I thought . . . that the beaver-flesh was very good; but after that of the ox was again within my reach, I could not relish it. The tail is accounted a luxurious morsel.'
Alexander Henry, 1763.



KARL H. MASLOWSKI

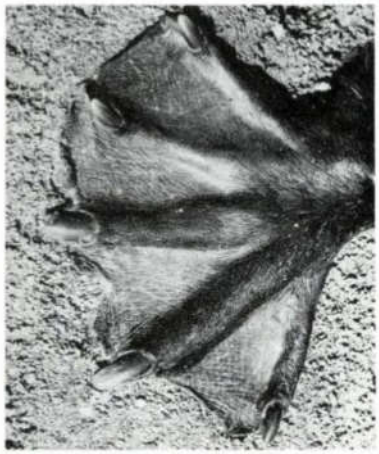
The five-toed front paw is used almost like a hand.



LEONARD LEE RUE

LEONARD LEE RUE

Lower chisel teeth are not rooted, grow continuously, and keep sharp because soft dentine of inner surface wears down more quickly than hard outer enamel.



KARL H. MASLOWSKI

Webbed hind paw has one cleft nail for grooming.

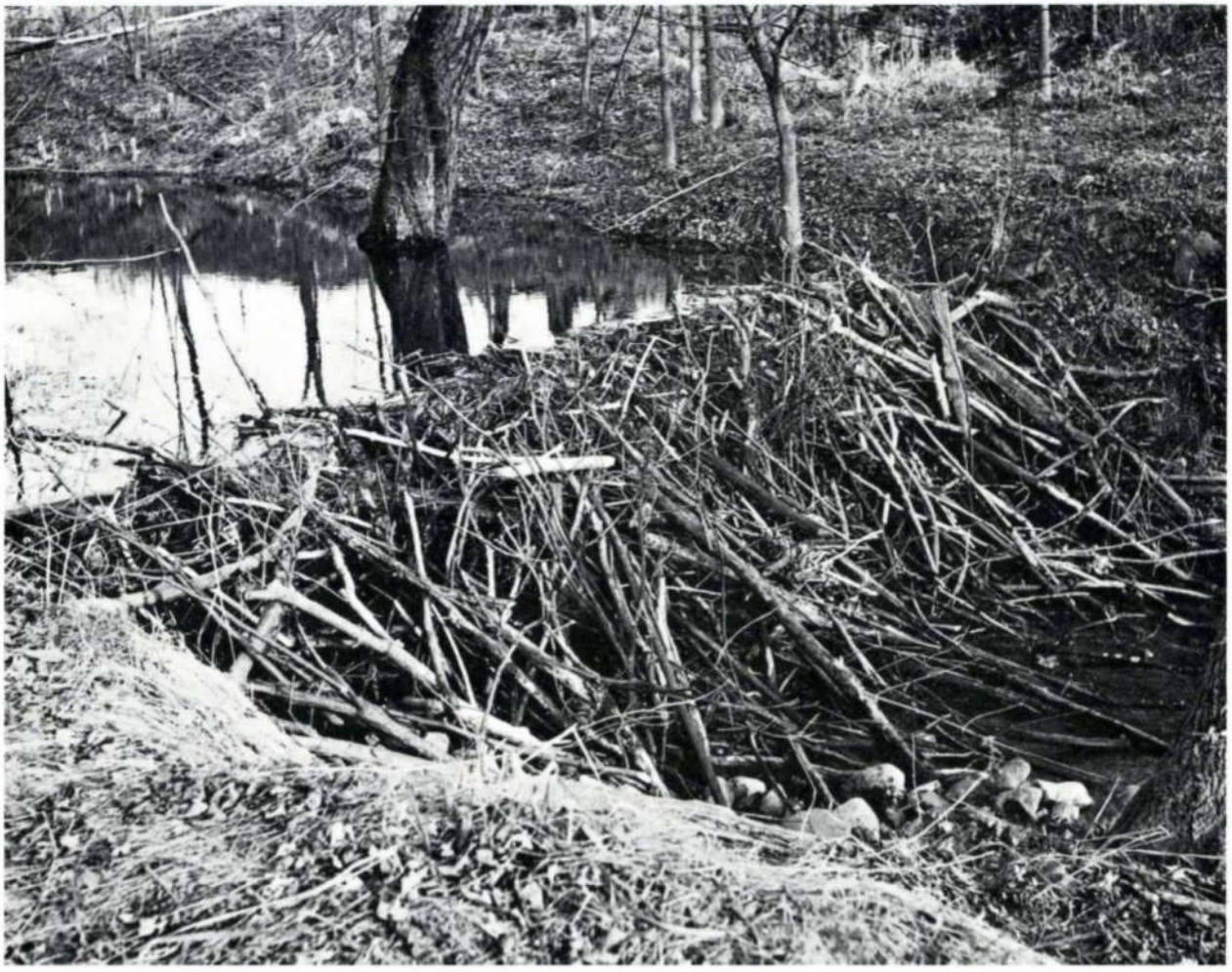
The castors, a pair of perineal glands, about four inches long, in which the thick, oily castoreum is secreted. This is a dressing for the beaver's fur and a marker by odour for other beavers. Its use now is in the blending of perfumes or baiting of traps.

'Castoreum: The liquor contained in the little bags or purses, at the bottom of the *os pubis* of the beaver or castor . . . it is found in females as well as in the males . . . When it is fresh, the physicians ascribe wonderful properties to it; but, when old, it grows black, and turns into a strong poison.'

Malachy Postlethwayt, 1751.

'Castoreum is a very useful remedy in headaches; and is not less efficacious in epilepsy, provided that it be employed immediately. . . . Castoreum does much good to mad people; and those who are attacked with pleurisy give proof of its effect every day, however little may be given to them. Castoreum destroys fleas; is an excellent stomachic; stops hiccough: induces sleep; strengthens the sight, and taken up the nose it causes sneezing and clears the brain. . . . A Jew of my acquaintance who visited me occasionally, knowing that I studied this work, communicated to me a secret which he had learnt from his ancestors, who, themselves got it from Solomon who had proved it. He assured me that in order to acquire a prodigious memory and never to forget what one had once read, it was only necessary to wear a hat of the beaver's skin, to rub the head and spine every month with that animal's oil, and to take twice a year, the weight of a gold crown-piece of castoreum.'

Joanne Franco, 1685.



LEONARD LEE RUE PHOTOS

Rocks have been incorporated in the construction of a dam and (below) repairing a dam.

Grey Owl (the Englishman George Belaney who adopted the Indian way of life) shared his camp with a beaver family whose lodge was partly inside and partly outside his cabin. 'The first night they had inspected my work, found it unsuitable . . . they then commenced operations under the bunk, cutting a hole in the floor and digging out the soil. This dirt they trundled up from the depths, pushing it ahead of them, walking with the hind feet only, the fore-paws and chin being used to hold the mass together. . . . They seem capable of great affection, which they show by grasping my clothing . . . bleating and whimpering.'

Grey Owl, 1930s.

'. . . having kept several of them till they became so domesticated as to answer to their name, and follow those to whom they were accustomed in the same manner a dog would do; and they were as much pleased at being fondled, as any animal I ever saw. I had a house built for them, and a small piece of water before the door . . . they made not the least dirt, though they were kept in my own sitting-room, where they were the constant companions of the Indian women and children, and were so fond of their company, that when the Indians were absent for any considerable time, the beaver discovered great signs of uneasiness, and on their return shewed equal marks of pleasure, by fondling on them, crawling into their laps, laying on their backs, sitting erect like a squirrel, and behaving to them like children who see their parents but seldom. In general, during the Winter they lived on the same food as the women did, and were remarkably fond of rice and plum-pudding; they would eat partridges and fresh venison very freely, but I never tried them with fish, though I have heard they will at time prey on them. In fact, there are few of the granivorous animals that may not be brought to be carniverous.'

Samuel Hearne, 1771.

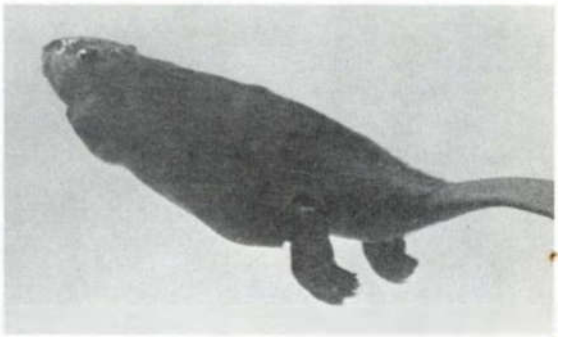
BEAVER ATTACKS WOMAN

Moose Brook—A local woman today killed a 40-pound beaver in the field near her home, after it attacked her. Mary Hill said she had seen it out in the field for several days and thought it was a porcupine. Fearing for the safety of the children in the community, she took a stick and went to chase it away.

'The beaver jumped at me,' she said, 'and I hit him hard. He jumped again, but the second blow fixed him.'

A neighbour hauled it away with a tractor.

Halifax Chronicle Herald, *13 May 1966.*



LEONARD LEE RUE PHOTOS

In swimming under water the hind feet only are used, the tail serving as rudder and diving plane; valves of the nose and ears close and mouth flaps drawn together behind the incisors enable it to chew and cut without getting water in its mouth.

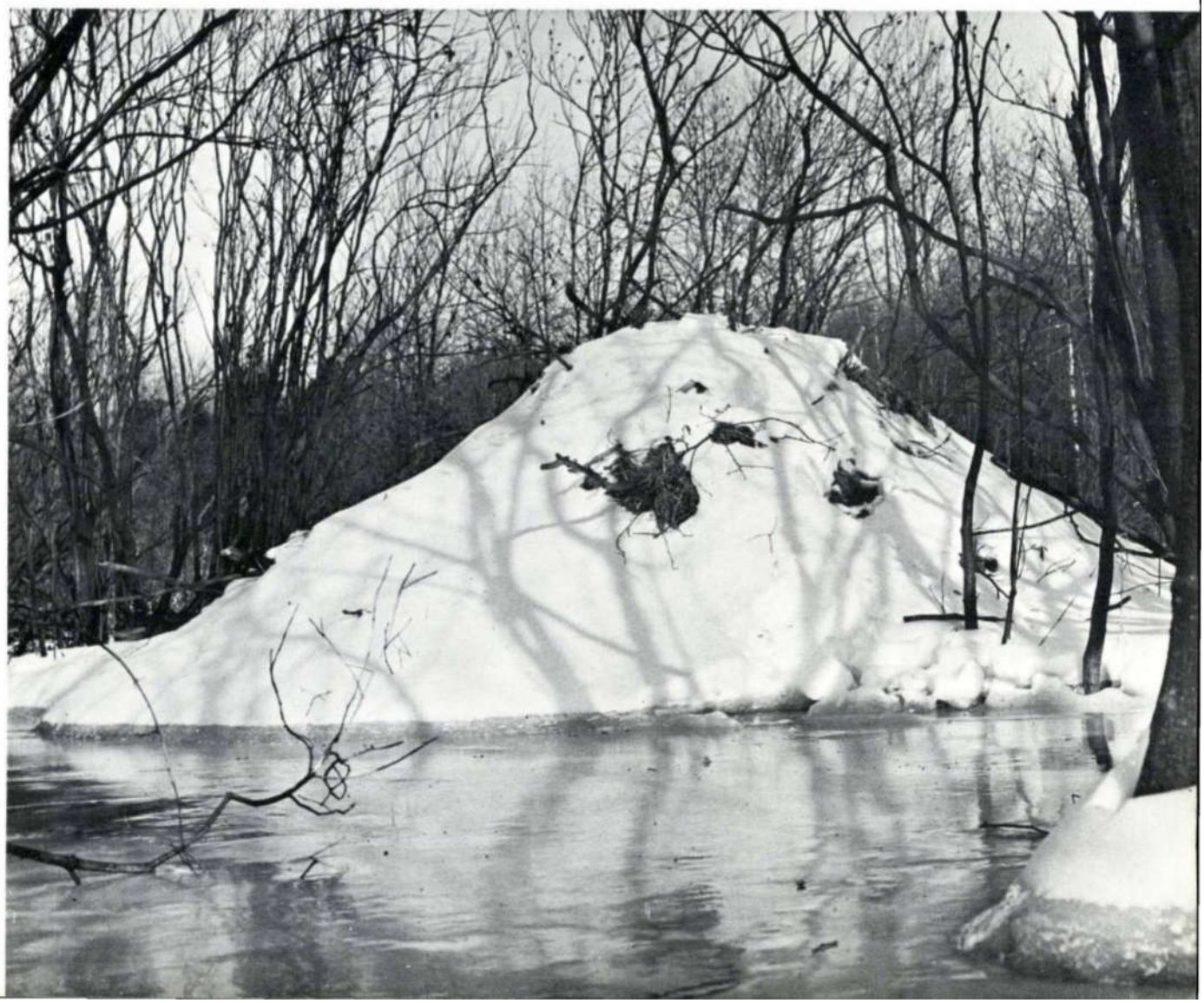
'His shape is thicke and short, having likewise short legs, feet like a mole before, and behind like a goos and a broad tayle in forme like a shoosoale, very tough and strong; his head is something like an Otter's head, saving that his teeth before, be placed like the teeth of a Rabbit, two above and two beneath; sharpe and broad with which he cuts down trees as thick as a man's thigh.'

- - Wood, 18th century.

LEONARD LEE RUE PHOTOS

To add a few further serious notes: the beaver, its official name *Castor canadensis*, is the largest rodent in North America where in prehistoric times there was a giant beaver, probably about seven feet long. The present beaver is about three feet long with another foot of tail and the adult weighs usually between forty and sixty pounds. The lodges built in a pond are not the only houses for some beaver live in river-bank burrows. Besides lodges and dams, they also construct canals for moving cuttings to the pond or stream. Preferred food is the bark of aspens, willows, birch, alder, and aquatic plants; resinous trees may be cut for building material but seldom for food. The life of a colony depends upon the available food supply. An acre of small aspens might support ten beavers for a year.

Growing scarce last century, beavers are becoming plentiful again to the point where in some areas there is too large a population and they are regarded as a nuisance. Their works may interfere with the aims of men but they conserve water, prevent erosion and washing away of good soil, create fish ponds and suitable habitat for many animals and birds, and eventually their lakes will return to rich meadows and a new cycle in the progress of nature.◆



WATCHING BEAVER

Story and photos by MARK A. FISHER

NOWADAYS when people talk about the north woods they usually mean the north lakes. It is the rock bound, tree lined, island dotted lakes (and their fish) that draw most visitors to the 'woods' particularly in the Quetico-Superior canoe country where I live. I am a rapt admirer of lakes and woods but would like to enter here a minority vote for a third, and equally important, feature of our landscape: the beaver ponds and swamps.

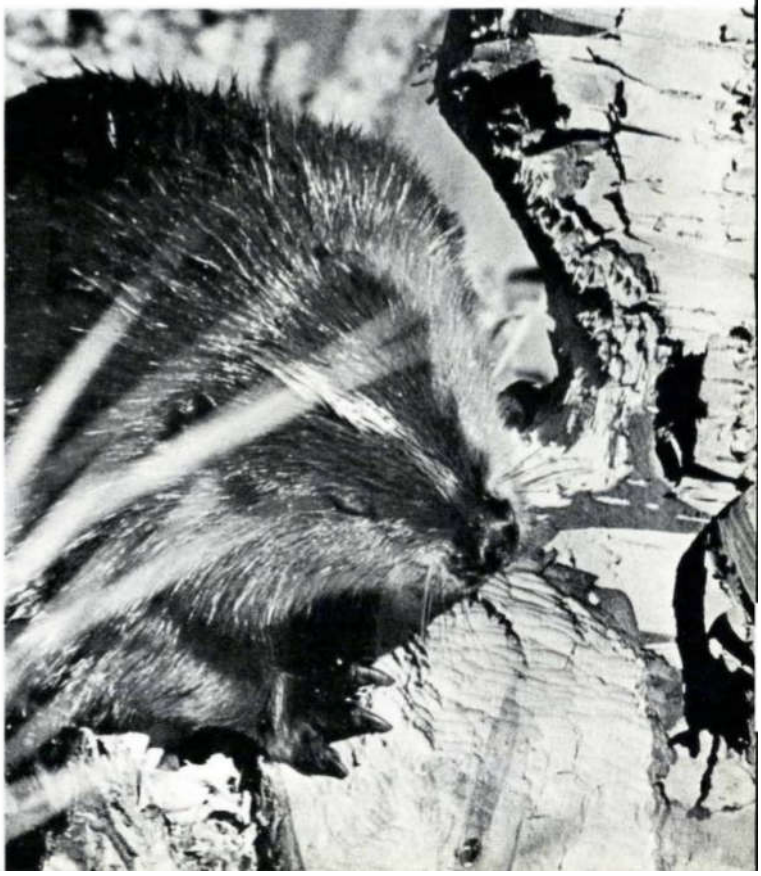
Flying over the border land that comprises the Superior National Forest in Minnesota and Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario, most people are awed by the amount of water they can see. I am amazed at the swamp land that lies everywhere. It ranges from isolated pockets of water and waving marsh grass embedded in the forest to complicated drainage systems of ponds and thread-like streams sometimes running for miles. Some of the lakes in this country are famous and nearly all are named. Most can be reached by more or less well travelled portages. The beaver country is isolated, nameless and largely unvisited. It is reached by pushing a canoe up obstruction littered streams, by hiking overland, or by following a brook through the woods to its source. Frequently the reward for such an effort is nothing but an impenetrable thicket of alder and spruce or a dry and long deserted clearing with only a breached and grass-grown dam and perhaps the snags of drowned trees to show where water once stood. But there may be a fine new pond, glittering in the sun and embellished with the conical house of its builders.

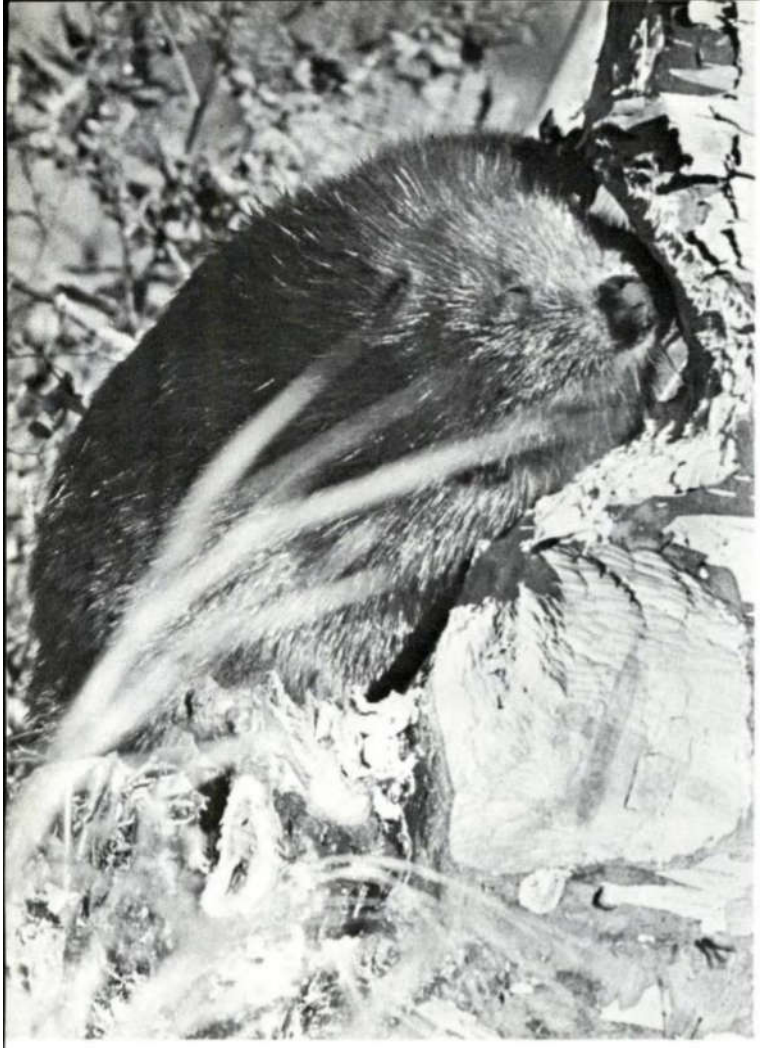
Such a pond, if rarely visited by humans, is anything but lifeless. Waterfowl and other birds nest there. Deer wade in the shallows. Mink and otter find their natural environment in the impoundments that the beaver build and sometimes in their houses too. Even moose, rare and shy in this country, are more likely to be seen in the lily-pad beds of a beaver pond than in any other single place that could be named. I, too, have spent some time in these surroundings as a visitor, observer, and photographer. Some time ago while on a trip into Quetico Park I spent three days watching the life on a pond near Darky Lake.

The pond was the last in a series strung along a stream that flowed into the lake from the northeast. The beaver had made it by damming the stream where it cut through a low, wooded ridge a few yards from the lake. About half the pond was ringed by wooded slopes while the rest ran to marsh. It was only of average size, perhaps thirty yards across and the house, some distance upstream of the dam, was not imposing either. I had passed through the pond several times working up and down the creek looking for beaver to photograph and while there were many signs of beaver in residence—peeled twigs floating on the water and recently downed trees nearby—I had seen no animals there. In fact, I had found no beaver anywhere although I was a week into my trip. The time was early October when one would expect to find the beaver active, laying up food for the coming winter.

Returning to camp after another fruitless day's search on the upper part of the creek, I came into the pond late in the afternoon and found it seemingly filled with beaver. There were beaver in the water and beaver on the shore. As I watched one appeared from the woods, dragged a branch into the water and swam off with it. The beaver famine was definitely over. The sun was already behind the trees that fringed the lower end of the pond and I gave up hope of getting any pictures that day when one accommodating beaver crawled nearly out of the water and, sitting in the shallows, began peeling and eating the bark from a branch held in its front claws —and in one of the few places where the sun made its way through the trees. I jammed the canoe against the shore and began slowly walking through the sticky mud, clicking the camera as I went. I need not have hurried. The beaver sat in the last of the wan autumn sunshine spinning the branch in its claws corn-on-the-cob fashion and paying me not the least attention. I advanced into the mud and water as far as I dared and ran picture after picture through my camera until the sunlight failed.

Never before had I been able to get so close to a beaver out of water and I did not, and still do not, understand its lack of concern. My experience has all indicated that while beaver will often swim quite close to humans, apparently feeling secure in the water, if found on land they make quick and determined efforts to escape. From what I saw in the next few days, these beaver showed very little of this shyness. One morning thereafter I found a freshly killed small beaver, or part of it, only the tail and a bit of the hind quarters remained, lying on the dam. I wondered if this lack of caution was characteristic of the colony and if it was not without cost.





Giving up my travelling, I spent the next three days at the pond, arriving about eight each morning and staying until the setting sun threw it into shadow. The beaver never appeared before mid-afternoon; they must have been up working most of the night, but the days were not empty. Once a big doe came down to the water's edge to feed on the vegetation there and posed for my camera. The sound of the shutter only brought her closer to where I sat, partially concealed on the low side of the dam, and she came to within thirty feet before stamping her right front leg twice and spooking back into the woods where she huffed and puffed a protest. Another time three smaller deer zig-zagged down the steep slope opposite the dam also to feed in the shallows. They were farther away than was the first but they were nervous and jumpy and once aware of my presence bounded back up the hill. One morning a red fox trotted by well out of camera range and carrying something, probably a partridge, in its mouth. It never knew it had been watched. In between times there was the warm October sun that shone for three flawless days and the sound of water trickling through the dam on its way to the lake.

About three in the afternoon the first beaver would appear, its head bobbing up without warning on the still surface of the pond. This first one was usually a large beaver and it would immediately make for one of the feeding spots along the shore. These were flat, muddy openings in the grass and reeds in the swampy portion of the pond and judging by the number of peeled branches and twigs scattered about were much used. There were also unpeeled cuttings handy and the beaver would carry one of these up out of the water and enjoy what I assumed was its breakfast. Soon others were swimming about and there was some competition for the favoured eating places. Sometimes a second beaver would crawl up next to one already eating whereupon both would break out into a mewing, cat-like sound, the only sound I have heard beaver utter, and soon one or the other would give way. Once two beavers even began wrestling over a site. It was an extremely awkward, short and non-lethal kind of combat and ended in the usual manner with one beaver departing.

This eating period seemed to last about an hour or more after which the beaver began their various occupations. Some swam upstream and disappeared, some climbed into the nearby wooded shores and some, perhaps disturbed by my presence, swam in aimless fashion around the pond. Unhappily for me this was the season of short days and about this time the sun would disappear bringing my photographing to an end.

The first full day I was there I got few pictures as I had left my canoe by the lake and was unable to move round the pond quickly enough to be in the right place at the right time. The second afternoon I tried anchoring my canoe in advance near one of the favoured eating spots but the beaver avoided it. I found finally that if I allowed a beaver to begin eating undisturbed and then approached slowly by canoe as I had on foot the first afternoon I could come as close as necessary without disturbing the animal. Once while I was so engaged a second beaver began swimming and diving around the canoe and then not content with this started slapping the water with its tail close enough to sprinkle me. I had always supposed this common action had some kind of warning significance but if that is true the beaver on shore was not getting the message for it paid less attention to the repeated tail slapping than I. It was not until I had come so near that my telephoto lens would focus no closer that the beaver left off its feeding and lumbered into the water.

For two afternoons trying to manage both canoe and camera kept me busy from the time the first beaver appeared until the pond grew dark. When the shadows came on the last day I had already begun putting my equipment away when I saw a movement up on one of the slopes. Unnoticed by me a beaver had climbed up the still sunny hill and was cutting a birch there. I began inching towards it but with little hope that it would let me get to within workable range. The tree was thirty or more feet from the edge of the pond and it seemed unlikely that even one of these co-operative beaver could be approached so far from the safety of the water. Once again I could have saved myself some worry. The beaver was standing on its hind legs leaning on the tree and cutting about a foot above the ground. When I was about twenty feet away and clicking my camera the beaver stopped its work, raised its head and eyed me. I stood still. The beaver went back to its gnawing and I to my picture taking.

The birch was a large one about a foot in diameter and I had noticed earlier that a notch had been freshly cut out of one side, probably during the previous night. The beaver was now enlarging this notch. It was able to reach the bottom portion easily but had to twist its neck into nearly a half circle to get at the top part. It worked mostly with its eyes closed and seemed to have trouble spitting out the chips removed from the tree. From time to time it passed its right front claw through its mouth, sending bits of wood flying.

Several times it moved to the side of the tree away from me and once to the side closest to me, beginning the encircling process that would girdle the birch and finally bring it down leaving the usual pointed stump.

Having this much success and knowing that the light must fail soon I tried to get just a little closer. This was a mistake. The beaver dropped from the tree and headed for the water. It was a dignified retreat, however, with nothing of haste or fright in it. Once the beaver even stopped to make a brief examination of the bark on a shrub before waddling into the water.

I followed it down the hill. Most of the pond was in deep shadow now and I could feel the cool of the coming night. From the far and dark side of the pond came the peculiar crunching sound I had just been listening to up in the sunshine: somewhere over there another beaver was cutting wood. 'My' beaver was lying motionless in the water a few feet from shore, watching me with only its eyes, nose and ears showing above the surface. I waved good-bye and started with my gear back to Darky Lake.◆

The Hudson Bay section of Luke Foxe's map, showing T. Roes Welcom in upper left.

BY CHARLES F. MERBS

Department of Anthropology, University of Chicago and currently visiting associate professor at Arizona State University.

AN ISLAND OF THE DEAD

SIR THOMAS ROWE'S WELCOME

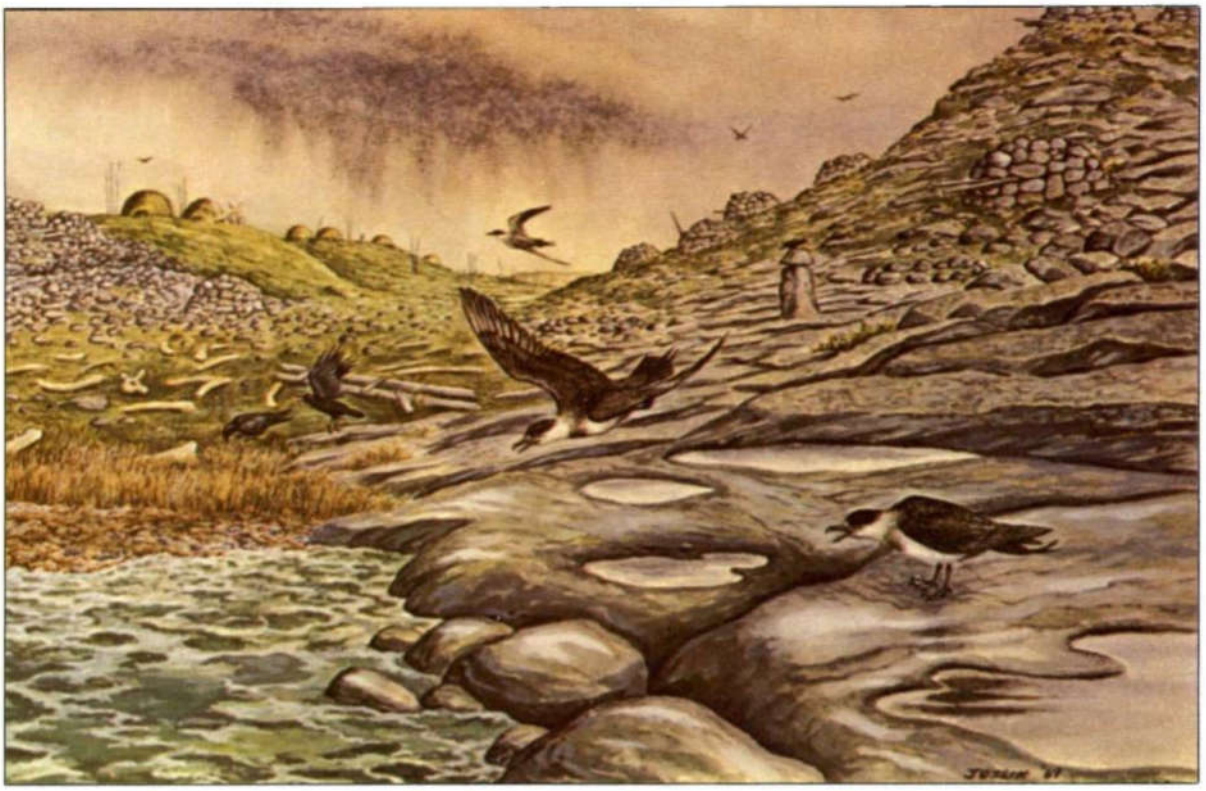
BY 27 JULY 1631 the pinnace *Charles*, captained by Luke Foxe, had reached the northwest corner of Hudson Bay. Up to this point Foxe's attempt to discover the elusive Northwest Passage had gone very much according to schedule. He had set sail from Deptford, England, on May 5th, entered Hudson Strait on June 22nd, and reached Cary's Swan's Nest, the southern tip of Coats Island, on July 21st. His next objective was to locate Button's Ne Ultra, the large bay that marked Thomas Button's farthest advance to the northwest eighteen years earlier. The 'bay' is now known to have an opening to the northeast, through Frozen Strait, and it bears the name Roes Welcome Sound.

For most of the morning and early afternoon of July 27th, banks of heavy fog obscured Foxe's view of any land that might lie ahead, but by mid-afternoon the fog lifted and islands with the mainland beyond could be clearly discerned. At six o'clock a boat was sent ashore to a small island, an island that fascinated Foxe so much that it became the first geographical feature to be named by him. The island became 'Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome' in honour of his benefactor, an English statesman and ambassador to Sweden. Unfortunately, the island could not be relocated by later explorers and its name was applied instead to Button's Ne Ultra. Foxe placed the island at 64°10′ N. latitude, or near Whale Point on the west side of Roes Welcome Sound, but no islands are to be found at this latitude today. It was generally assumed that Foxe had simply made an error in his calculation, and that the island lay farther south, in the vicinity of Cape Fullerton. The coast immediately to the west of Cape Fullerton in fact abounds in islands and there seemed little hope of ever pinpointing the specific island named for 'Thomas Rowe'.

From Foxe's description of his island, however, it is clear that this was no ordinary place. In viewing it from his ship, Foxe says 'there seeming upon the land to be Poles erected, and buildings of stone, and other hillocks like Haycocks'. Word was brought back by the men who went ashore that the island was a veritable 'Sepulchre', or graveyard, where 'the Salvages had laid their dead'. The graves were constructed of stone above the ground, the lack of interment attributed by Foxe to the extremely rocky nature of the island itself. Wooden poles and sled runners had been used in many of the graves to support the roof stones, and these were removed by the crew of the *Charles* for firewood. The ship's Master, a man whose name has not come down to us, estimated that the island contained approximately 500 graves. This seems to have been a bit of an exaggeration, but the fact that an entire boat load of wood was plundered from the graves suggests that they were numerous indeed.

Several unusual stone structures, thought by Foxe to be associated with the burials, were also described. One of these was 'walled 4 square, and seated within with earth; each side was 4 or 5 yards in length; in the middle was 3 stones, laid one upon another, man's height'. Nearby was another 'station', built 'stone upon stone, as though they would have something remarkeable'.

Although 'Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome' island successfully eluded the explorers who followed Foxe into the northwest corner of Hudson Bay, its distinctive features,



Silumiut as it might have looked to Foxe in 1631, a reconstruction painted by Charles Joslin.

particularly the abundance of stone graves, suggested that its identification should not be too difficult. My opportunity to explore this coast arrived in 1967 after A. J. Donaldson and G. D. Jackson of the Geological Survey of Canada reported an abundance of old stone structures, many of them obviously graves, to the Archaeology Division of the National Museum of Man in Ottawa. The stone structures were in the vicinity of Kamarvik Harbour and Yellow Bluff, well to the north of 64°10′ N. latitude, but still close enough to be of considerable interest. David R. Hughes, now with the University of Toronto but then Head of the Physical Anthropology Section of the Museum, asked if I wished to investigate the report. The answer of course was strongly affirmative and thus was born the Northwest Hudson Bay Thule Project, a many-faceted research program receiving its primary support from the National Museums of Canada and the National Geographic Society. Initial interest in the Kamarvik and Yellow Bluff sites, as well as 'Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome' island, if it could be found, centred around the graves and skeletons therein. These would be the remains for the most part of the so-called Thule culture Eskimos, almost certainly the direct ancestors of the Eskimos living in this general area today. As such they could provide valuable data for establishing a biological 'baseline' for the Eskimos prior to the arrival of Europeans, that is, before the introduction of new diseases, new genes, new foods, and new patterns of behaviour in the Canadian Arctic. The project had many other goals such as to investigate the burial practices of these ancient Eskimos and the religious beliefs underlying them, to take a closer look at the sod and whale bone houses that are so closely associated with the Thule culture, to study the animal remains at the sites and from them learn more about the diet of the Eskimos and their exploitation of the environment, to see how plant communities changed in response to human habitation in an area, and to get an overview of community patterning along a sample stretch of coast. Initially, however, these long-range goals were all but eclipsed by the excitement of searching for a lost island.

It seemed clear that unless Foxe's island had been pure fantasy it had to lie somewhere between Wager Bay and Chesterfield Inlet. This, however, is a long stretch of coast where small islands are very numerous. On the other hand, large sites of the Thule culture, sites that predate the most recent Eskimo settlements of this coast, are not abundant, and one with hundreds of burials would certainly not have gone unnoticed. Accordingly, I wrote to R. G. Williamson, Head of the Arctic Research and Training Centre in Rankin Inlet, informing him of my intention to conduct archaeological work in the vicinity of Kamarvik Harbour and Yellow Bluff, and enquiring if the Eskimos knew of any other large burial concentra-

A large burial at Kamarvik, where there were numerous graves.

Hakuluk assisting in the excavation of a large house at Kamarvik, and a completely excavated house floor.

tions in this general region. Professor Williamson wrote back that the Eskimos of Rankin Inlet were not familiar with the Kamarvik Harbour and Yellow Bluff sites but suggested that I take a look at a place called Silumiut just north of Chesterfield Inlet. The Silumiut site was noted by Therkel Mathiassen, the Danish archaeologist whose work at Repulse Bay as part of the Fifth Thule Expedition of 1921-24 taught us most of what we know about the Thule culture in Arctic Canada, but he merely lists it as one of several localities where the remains of old houses can be found. Kamarvik is also listed along with three other sites, Inuksivik, Iglulik (not the Igloolik on Melville Peninsula) and Igluligardjuk, all of which had to be checked out. Igluligardjuk is near the present community of Chesterfield Inlet; the other two sites lie to the west of Cape Fullerton. Only one of these sites, Iglulik, is a true island today, although two others, Inuksivik and Silumiut, become islands at high tide. Nevertheless, the other sites could not be completely ruled out because what appeared as an island in 1631 might not be an island today. This is because the land around Hudson Bay has been rising since 1631, a continuation of the slow but significant rebound of the land which began when the great weight of the continental glaciers was removed.

A field inspection of the sites quickly eliminated four of them, all but Kamarvik and Silumiut, because they simply contained too few burials. Twenty-five or fewer burials were found at these sites while Foxe's island must have contained well over a hundred. Kamarvik and Silumiut did have well over a hundred burials each, and, if one were to include stone structures which once probably served as graves but whose contents have since totally disintegrated, and others like food caches which could easily be mistaken for graves, the number rises to several hundred. Kamarvik, however, is not an island today and, more importantly, it does not seem to have been an island in 1631. The site is impressive with its numerous graves and house ruins, but stone architecture of the sort described by Foxe is not abundant. The land visible from his island lay from north-northeast westward to west-southwest, according to Foxe, and he makes particular note of the fact that nothing but water could be seen to the east and southeast, 'it being as cleare an

evening as could be imagined'. The shoreline in the vicinity of the Kamarvik site does lie approximately north-northeast by southwest, but Southampton Island is clearly visible to the east. Finally, Kamarvik must be ruled out simply on the basis of distance for on July 29th, two days later (and considerably less as sailing time is reckoned), Foxe arrived at Marble Island far to the southwest. It seems highly unlikely that the *Charles* could have covered the distance from Kamarvik, just south of Wager Bay, to Marble Island, in the time allowed, especially as it was heading into what Foxe describes as 'S.W. winds'.

This leaves only Silumiut as a candidate for 'Rowe's Welcome' island and one could not want for a better one. Silumiut is an island at high tide today, and it was most likely an island even at low tide in 1631. Graves are abundant—185 old burials were studied in two seasons of work—and other stone structures seem to be everywhere. The visible land indeed lies from north-northeast westward to southwest, and there is nothing to eastward but the vast expanse of Hudson Bay. Foxe's 'hillocks like Haycocks' were undoubtedly the sod-covered winter houses of the Thule culture Eskimos, apparently still intact when viewed in 1631. The remains of these houses may still be found on the highest parts of the island. The elaborate stone structures described by Foxe cannot be identified exactly, but Silumiut has a number of likely candidates.

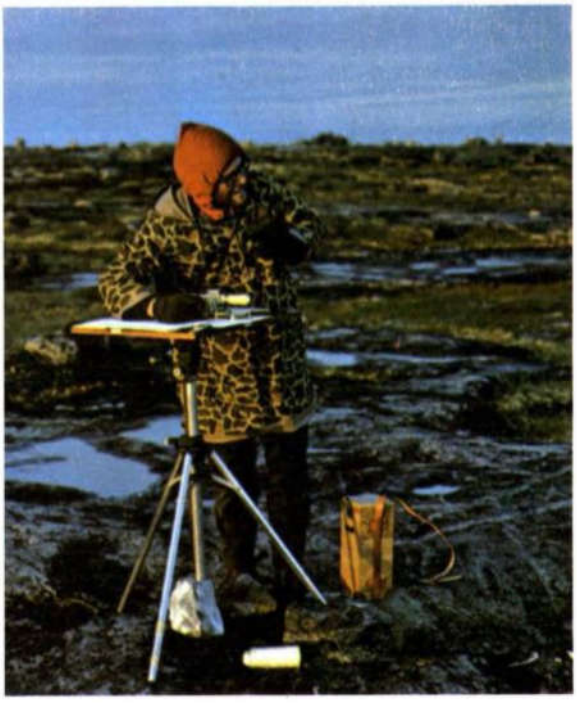
The island of Silumiut (not to be confused with Cape Silumiut) lies at 63°41′ N. latitude while Foxe located his 'Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome' at 64°10′ N., a difference of nearly half a degree. If these two islands are one and the same, and the evidence is overwhelmingly in this direction, how did he come to make the mistake? One could cite any number of potential causes of error, especially when one considers that the reckonings were made nearly three and a half centuries ago and then under very trying conditions, but it might be difficult if impossible even for an historian of navigation to choose from among them. Suffice it to say, many other of Foxe's latitude reckonings leave much to be desired, and Miller Christy who edited the Hakluyt Society edition of Foxe's accounts in 1894 has to call upon all the navigational knowledge of his day plus a bit of imagination to follow the voyage as well as he does. Even for a single location, for example, it is not uncommon for Foxe and his ship's Master to differ by many minutes.

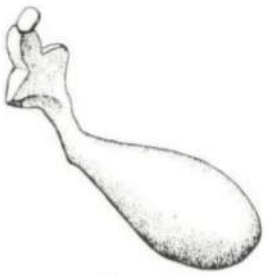
The historical significance of identifying Silumiut as 'Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome' is not monumental, but it does place Foxe's most northerly advance in this part of Hudson Bay well south of where the history books suggest it should be. In fact, if one defines the southern limit of Roes Welcome Sound as extending from Cape Kendall on Southampton Island to Cape Fullerton on the mainland, it is highly unlikely that Foxe ever entered the Sound at all.

Members of the project first viewed Silumiut on 26 July 1967, 336 years minus a day after Foxe had done so. The situation was much the same with fog banks obscuring the land until we had come within a mile or two of the island. The ship in this case was the peterhead *Kaḳoodlik*, and its captain was the Eskimo Hakaluk, a man who knows this coast like the palm of his hand. Hakaluk's detailed knowledge of the old Thule sites was to be of inestimable value in all phases of the project.

The island of Silumiut measures slightly more than a mile in diameter and, as Foxe says, it is mostly rock. The western half of the island is very irregular with distinct mounded outcrops of a dark granitic rock further darkened by lichens. The old graves tend to be concentrated in these rocky areas, probably because of the abundance of basic building material near at hand. The

Allen McCartney surveying Silumiut.





Excavated ivory figure. Actual size.

Kayak rest and other stone features at Igluligardjuk.

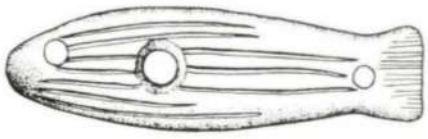
southeastern quarter of the island is lower and flatter, and this is where the non-burial stone structures can be found in greatest abundance. Two of these, large circles that were probably used for drum dances, are particularly impressive. Others probably served as food caches, sled and kayak rests, and tent foundations. Some enormous rocks were set on end, perhaps to serve as markers of some sort, and other rocks piled together in unique ways may have served the same purpose.

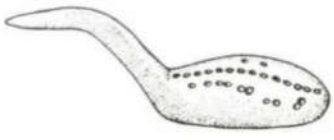
The house ruins, about twenty arranged in clusters, lie toward the centre of the island on high ground. Seven of these houses were excavated by Allen P. McCartney, University of Arkansas, in 1969 and were found to contain sleeping platforms and floors carefully paved with small slabs of stone. The houses had probably been raftered with whale ribs and roofed with sod, but most of the whale bone had been removed, probably for use as sled shoes. With the virtual demise of big whales in Hudson Bay during the first part of the twentieth century, these 'mines' of old whale bone must have been considered very valuable. Unfortunately, the houses are badly damaged when the bone is removed and valuable scientific data are lost.

Despite the variety and abundance of features at Silumiut, it is the graves that clearly dominate the island. When viewed from the outside, the graves appear simply as heaps of stone with no apparent form. Inside, however, one finds a carefully constructed rectangular chamber. Foxe tells us that the bodies had been wrapped in caribou skins and bits of caribou hair are still present in the Silimiut graves today. Sometimes a person's belongings or gifts were placed near the grave or actually in it with the body. Foxe mentions seeing 'bowes, arrowes, strings, darts, lances, and other implements carved in bone' with the dead. The Silumiut Eskimos had placed their dead in flexed position, bent at the pelvis and knees, in contrast to the English of Foxe's day who laid their dead out full length in the tomb. However, the position of a body cannot be detected through a caribou shroud and Foxe, using the length of the grave as his guide, thought the Silumiut people were only four feet tall. 'God send me better for my adventures than these', he says.

A number of the burials had wooden poles, probably old tent poles, and sled runners fitted into them to support the roof stones. Some of the boards were nine or ten feet in length, according to Foxe, and were so smooth that he could not detect how they had been sawed or hewn. This wood in a land devoid of trees was too tempting to pass up and Foxe says 'we rob'd their graves to build our fires, and brought a whole boate's loading of fire-wood on board'. The majority of the graves, however, seem to have lacked these supports and many of them were still completely intact when viewed in 1967. Other graves, however, had their roof stones lying inside or around the outside, just as they would have fallen if wooden top supports had been removed. Foxe's men were quite thorough in the hour and a half they spent on the island, but they did miss a few supports in graves toward the mainland side. These bits of wood are particularly valuable for dating purposes and one has given us a carbon-14 date of 1140 A.D. ±70 years.

Foxe tells us that the dead had been laid with their heads to the west, but the real picture is far more complicated than this. Most of the males, in fact, had been oriented to the northeast and most of the females to the southwest. One can turn to the early ethnographic literature for the Canadian Eskimo in an attempt to explain this orientation phenomenon, and although difficulties are encountered, a generally coherent picture does emerge. Orientation seems to have been based upon a belief in



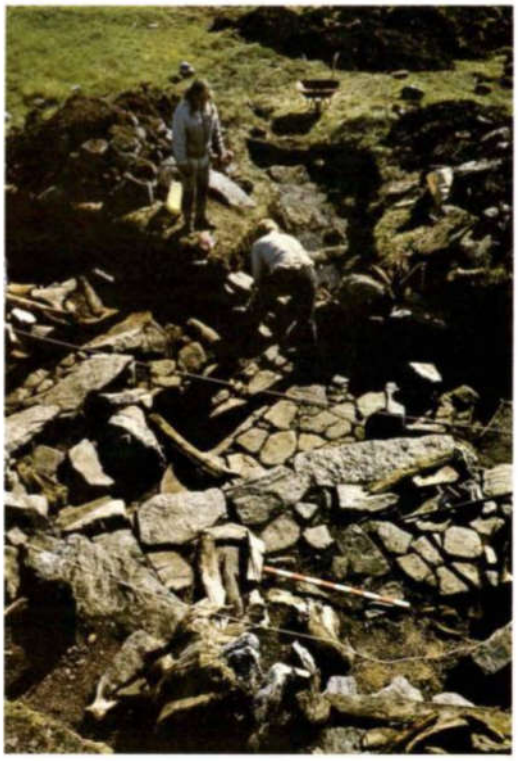


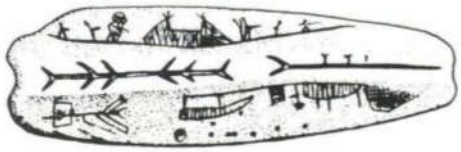
Ivory artifacts, actual size, fish lure and a bird.

two heavens: the Land of the Day, the home of the sun and the moon which lay toward the source of light, the sunrise; and the Narrow Land Under the Sea, the home of the sea goddess and her terrible father, which was in the opposite direction, that from which the darkness came. Unlike the Christian concept of Heaven and Hell, both of the Eskimo afterworlds were places of happiness, but both also had their occasional problems. The majority of the Silumiut men were thus headed toward the Land of the Day and the majority of the women toward the home of the sea goddess, the Narrow Land. The reason for this sex difference in orientation is not really known, but several possible explanations have been suggested. Knud Rasmussen in the Report of the Fifth Thule Expedition, for example, tells us that it was the cause of death that determined a person's orientation. A person who died by violence, even if he took his own life, would go to the Land of the Day, while someone who died a natural death or succumbed from disease would go in the opposite direction. Given the obvious hazards of hunting in the Arctic, this could explain why more of the males are headed toward the sunrise. Cause of death, however, is only one of several possible explanations and the real reason for the sex difference, a difference, incidentally, which is repeated at other sites such as Kamarvik, is probably far more complicated.

The fact that the people of Silumiut oriented their dead toward or away from the sunrise can be used to tell the time of the year the burial took place. The great majority of the orientations cluster in the northeast and southwest quarters of the compass, rather than in the other two. Since the sun rises just to the east of north on the summer solstice at this high latitude, and just to the east of south on the winter solstice, and directly to the east on the equinoxes, it is possible to say that the great majority of the Silumiut burials lie to the summer side of the equinoxes, not to the winter side. This corresponds nicely with the observations of the early explorers in the Arctic who describe the building of snow graves in the winter, graves that take the same form as those of rock, but fashioned of snow blocks. Wolves and dogs easily broke into these graves and they seldom lasted a week, much less until the spring thaws. The Silumiut burial

At the Silumiut site. Right, the 1967 camp, looking towards the house ruin area. Below, a house ruin before excavation, work in progress, and a cleared site.





Ajaqaq (pin game) object, ivory with holes in ends, actual size.

Keith Stratton in a stone foundation at Silumiut.

Interior of a burial at Silumiut with top stones removed, showing skeleton.

sample thus seems to be heavily biased toward the summer end of the yearly cycle, a fact which must be kept in mind by the archaeologist as he attempts to interpret them.

Foxe's description of 'Rowe's Welcome Island' introduces some problems which lend themselves to fascinating speculation, but not to simple solution. Archaeology can bring some evidence to bear on these problems, but it is unlikely that it will ever provide the complete answer. For example, Foxe describes seeing what appeared to be many poles erected on the island, like 'some Stand of Timber', but he makes no further mention of them. These could have been tent poles, poles used for drying skins, or even harpoon or lance shafts. At the same time, however, Foxe gives us the impression that the site had been abandoned 'for, if they had remained here, there would have been some newer burials'. Why did not the former residents of Silumiut take such valuable wooden commodities such as tent poles or weapon shafts with them?

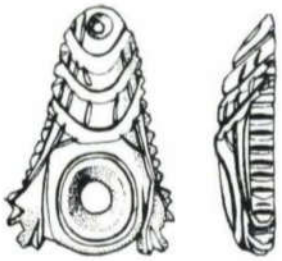
The second question has to do with some of the grave implements observed by Foxe. He describes 'Darts' with points of stone and bone, but also others headed with iron and copper. What was the source of this metal? The copper could be native ore and samples from Silumiut tested at Argonne National Laboratory, Argonne, Illinois, have been shown to be just that. The iron could also be native, that is of meteoric origin, but this is less likely. Foxe refers to some of the iron points simply as 'nailes', the heads of which had been 'beaten broad wayes'. Perhaps the iron came from ships lost by the earliest explorers, but since none to our knowledge were lost in the northern Hudson Bay area, this would imply trade over a great distance, across tribal boundaries, and even between Eskimos and Indians.

The third question is posed simply by the great number of burials present at Silumiut in 1631. Large burial concentrations can also be found at the Kamarvik and Naujan sites on the west side of Roes Welcome Sound, and the Tunermiut site (Native Point) on Southampton Island, but they are not common. In the case of Tunermiut, many of the burials probably date from the epidemic of 1902 which caused the extinction of the Sadlermiut Eskimos, and earlier difficulties which had reduced the tribe to only fifty-seven individuals by the fall of 1902. Naujan, Kamarvik and Silumiut may also owe their great burial accumulations to disease, but no direct evidence is available. It does seem relevant in this context, however, to examine the history of European exploration in this corner of Hudson Bay prior to the summer of 1631.

Foxe as far as we know had only one real predecessor, Thomas Button, who explored Roes Welcome Sound during the summer of 1613. Unfortunately, Button's log was never published and it was only through the efforts of Foxe that we have any account of the voyage at all. Button began in 1612 with two ships, *Resolution* and *Discovery*, but had to abandon the larger *Resolution* following a disastrous winter at Port Nelson during which a good portion of the crew died. They could have suffered from nothing more exotic that scurvy, the scourge of most early exploratory ventures into the Arctic, but one gets the impression that fresh food was available in relative abundance. They are said to have shot 1,800 dozen ptarmigan that winter, for example. The killer of Button's men may then have been some kind of disease brought with them from England, a disease against which they had developed some degree of resistance, but whose effectiveness became more deadly as the men weakened

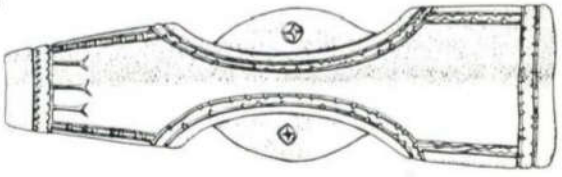
East end of Silumiut with stone structures on the horizon.

THULE CULTURE ARTIFACTS

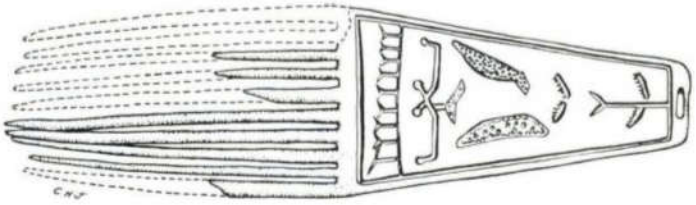


Green soapstone pendant(?) front and side view, actual size.

ALL DRAWINGS BY CHARLES JOSLIN



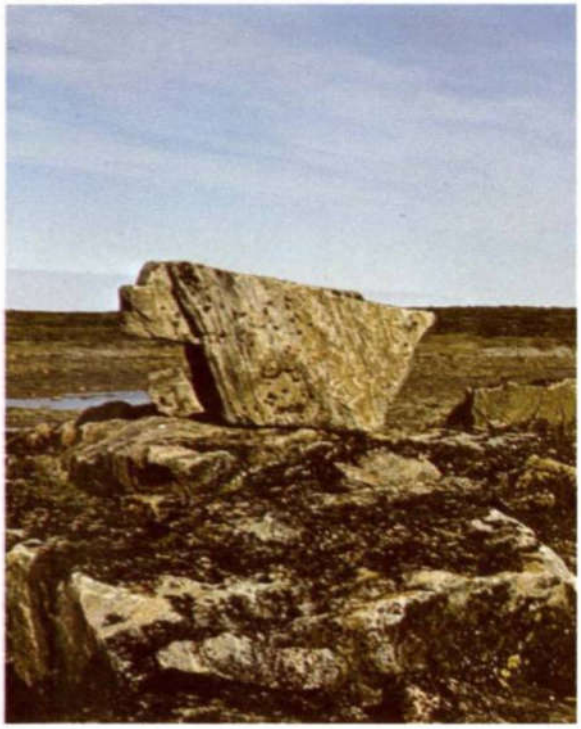
Winged ivory needle case and an ivory comb, two-thirds actual size.



Ivory figurine, actual size.

during their wintering in the Bay. If indeed this disease still lingered aboard the *Discovery* as it headed north into Roes Welcome Sound in 1613, it would have been a real menace to the Eskimos of the region who had had no chance to develop any immunities. Button makes no mention of ever contacting any Eskimos, but he did encounter what must have been the stormiest July ever seen in Hudson Bay. At 5 a.m. on the 29th of July, while somewhere in Roes Welcome Sound, the 'extremity of the Sea' caused him to lose his 'long Boate'. Given the nature of the winds at the time and in the days to follow, this boat would have drifted ashore on the west side of the sound. The boat and its contents would have been a veritable treasure trove for whatever Eskimos happened upon it, and bits would be quickly traded up and down the coast. But along with the useful items would have come the disease and it too could be expected to spread rather quickly. The first to receive the 'benefits' of the boat would probably have been the Kamarvik area with Naujan and Silumiut affected later as people moved north and south along the western shores of the sound. This would explain how the iron (flattened nails?) came to be in the Silumiut graves in 1631. There is certainly nothing in the burial orientation data to refute this hypothesis. With wholesale deaths of mysterious origin occurring at their encampments, it would be only reasonable for the Eskimos to abandon these areas, thus the vacant appearance of Silumiut as viewed by Foxe eighteen years later. Foxe tells us that the site contained no recent burials and that the wood used as top supports showed evidence of age, but that some of the caribou shrouds seemed to be still reasonably intact. An eighteen year interval could easily produce this combination of appearances.

The poles seen by Foxe could be interpreted within the disease hypothesis in several different ways. They could simply be possessions of the dead, or items owned by the living but thought to be contaminated, that were simply abandoned. They could also be burial poles extending vertically from the ends of the graves, a practice common among the Caribou Eskimos to the south and west of Silumiut. We also know that the later Eskimos of the Roes Welcome Sound area would set a sled on end when a death occurred as a way of warning approaching visitors that a new spirit had been freed. The spirits of the dead were greatly feared for several days following death, that is until they had departed from the land of the living for their afterworld. The sled warning allowed the visitor to draw his knife well before he reached the scene of death. Knives were thought to provide effective protection against the dead and they were kept close at hand during these times, even while sleeping. Many sleds set on end, a response to multiple deaths, would have probably struck terror into the heart of any Eskimo approaching Silumiut in August of 1613. By the time Foxe got there in 1631, most of the thongs holding the cross pieces would have rotted away, but the sled runners if firmly anchored could continue to stand for decades.



One of the many marker monuments at the Silumiut site, nicknamed by project members the polar bear.

One of the burials at Kulaituijavik, where a copper artifact was found.

One additional piece of information came to light in 1968, again through the assistance of Professor Williamson. Just to the south of Kamarvik is a series of small sites, apparently summer encampments, with a little over two dozen burials. One of these burials produced a small pendant made from a piece of early European copper. This locality is known to the Eskimos as Kulaituijavik, 'the place where the open boat came ashore' many years ago. It is tempting indeed to see this open boat as Button's 'long Boate', lost on a stormy day in July 1613 ◆

THE YEARS OF NO DIVIDEND

FINANCES OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY 1690 TO 1718

By K. G. Davies

This is an abridged version of the paper presented by Professor Davies on 1 October 1970 at the Second North American Fur Trade Conference held in Winnipeg, based on information from H B C Archives by permission of the Hudson's Bay Company. The complete article with footnotes will appear in a volume of selected Conference papers. Professor Davies is a former general editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society publications.

ON 26 SEPTEMBER 1690 five members of the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, led by the Deputy Governor and accompanied by 'Severall other members of the Company', waited upon William III at Kensington Palace. The purpose of the visit was to present the King with three hundred gold guineas, his share—with a little added to make up a round sum—of a dividend which the Company had declared three weeks earlier. King William, just back from his victory at the Boyne, ought to have been pleased. His Hudson's Bay stock, worth at least £1,200 on a rising stock-market, had cost him nothing. Formerly the private property of James II, it had been deemed, without due legal process, to belong to the King of England and so had passed with the crown to William, as it was later to pass to Queen Anne, and after her to George I and his successors. Together with the three hundred guineas, the Committee delivered a flowery speech to King William, in which reference was made to the war against Louis XIV. 'When your Majesties Just Armes shall have given repose to all Christendome' ran the address 'Wee also shall Enjoy our share of those great Benefitts, and doe not doubt but to appeare often with this golden frute in our hands'. Overlooking the uneasy armistice of 1697-1701, twenty-three years were to go by before Christendom received that repose, and five more before the 'golden frute' of a Hudson's Bay Company dividend was again to be distributed.

For twenty-eight years, then, the Hudson's Bay Company's stockholders, the monarch included, got nothing. There were other periods in the Company's history when no dividend was paid; there was none in the fourteen years following the grant of the charter in 1670; none in 1685-87; none in 1783-85; and none in 1809-14, because of ruinous competition with the North Westers. Still, there does seem to be something special about a freeze that lasts for twenty-eight years. Douglas MacKay was probably right in calling it 'an almost unparalleled experience in any company story'!

The twenty-eight lean years were preceded by two fat years. In 1688, after paying only one dividend in eighteen years, the Hudson's Bay Company distributed 50 per cent. to stockholders; 25 per cent. in 1689; and 75 per cent. in 1690, together with a bonus of 200 per cent. in the form of a scrip dividend intended to bring the nominal capital more into line with the Committee's estimate of what the Company was really worth. These dividends, totalling 150 per cent. in cash in two years, contrast so starkly with the starvation to follow that one needs to know if they reflect with any accuracy the Company's financial position at this time. The answer is that they do not, or more precisely that, having regard to the Company's assets and earning power, they were justifiable only if every doubtful contingency were to be resolved in its favour.

In the early years of its existence, the Company had followed the only sensible course open to it. With a capital of only £10,500, most of the profits were turned back into investment in forts, posts, ships and goods. The result was that by 1685, against the odds, a fairly sound trading position had been built in the Bay, with enough assets and credit in England to get the annual fleet to sea without incurring long-term debts. Then prospects began to worsen. The peacetime depredations of de Troyes in 1686 and of Iberville in 1688-89, the *prima facie* improbability of getting redress for those depredations, the discrediting of the Stuarts, the outbreak of war between England and France in May 1689, the French naval victory at Beachy Head in June 1690, all argued for a policy of restraint. The dividend of 1688 seems reasonable enough, but the failure of the Company's fleet to get out of the English Channel in 1689, one ship being taken by the French, the other forced back to port, should have been a warning of the precariousness of the new situation. At any time the Committee might be put to the cost of equipping a fighting fleet merely to retain a foothold in the fur trade. If ever there was a time for conservative finance this was it. Instead, the Committee declared the 25 per cent. dividend of 11 September 1689, and followed it a year later by trebling its nominal capital and declaring another dividend of 25 per cent. on

the new stock, or 75 per cent. on the old. For this last action the Company's finances offered no substantial justification: to understand it we have to look elsewhere, to Parliament and to the state of London's stock-market.

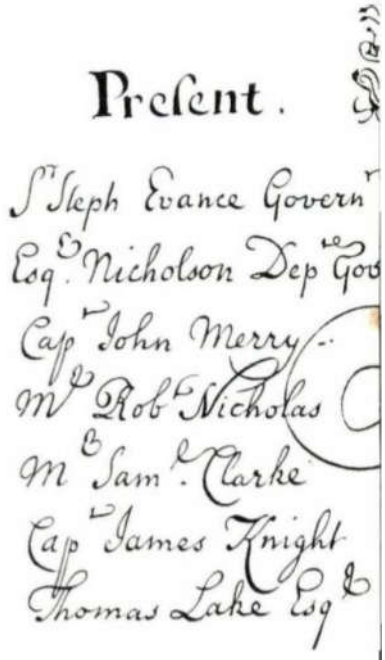
Earlier in 1690, with scarcely any difficulty, the Company's charter had been confirmed by Act of Parliament. True, an exclusive trade had been granted only for seven years; but no other joint-stock company had hitherto obtained like confirmation, and it seems plausible that the dividend of 1690 was declared in the euphoric aftermath of this easy success. We know that the Act of 1690 made little difference to the Company's trade in the Bay; for the next seven years competition from English interlopers was the last thing to be feared. The Committee in 1690 did not know this, and it is possible to imagine them as over sanguine at having effected so smooth a transition from identification with James II and the royal prerogative to identification with William of Orange and the sovereignty of Parliament. The charade of the 'golden frute' at Kensington celebrated this change of allegiance. The dividend of 1690 was an act of faith, misplaced as it turned out.

The Hudson's Bay Company was not the only corporation at this time to depart from principles of sound finance. The early years of King William's War were marked by exceptionally and unrealistically buoyant conditions in the London stock-market. For reasons not altogether clear, but perhaps connected with the closing of some outlets for the use of money in Continental trade, there was a surge of enthusiasm on the part of investors to buy shares in the companies, stimulating new promotions and forcing prices up to levels out of all relation either to resources or to earning power. Between August 1690 and January 1692, the price of Hudson's Bay stock doubled though nothing happened either in the Bay or in London remotely justifying such an advance. These were near Bubble conditions; and it would be no surprise if the Committee had allowed itself to be persuaded by the market that the Hudson's Bay Company was in a healthier way than was really the case.

The contrast, then, between the distribution of 150 per cent. in the two fat years, and no dividend for the next twenty-eight lean years, is something of a caricature. The fat years were marked not by vast profits but by vast optimism. The boom in the London stock-market died away at the end of 1692 and in 1693, and was followed by prolonged depression. In the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company, euphoria gave way to caution, not before time.

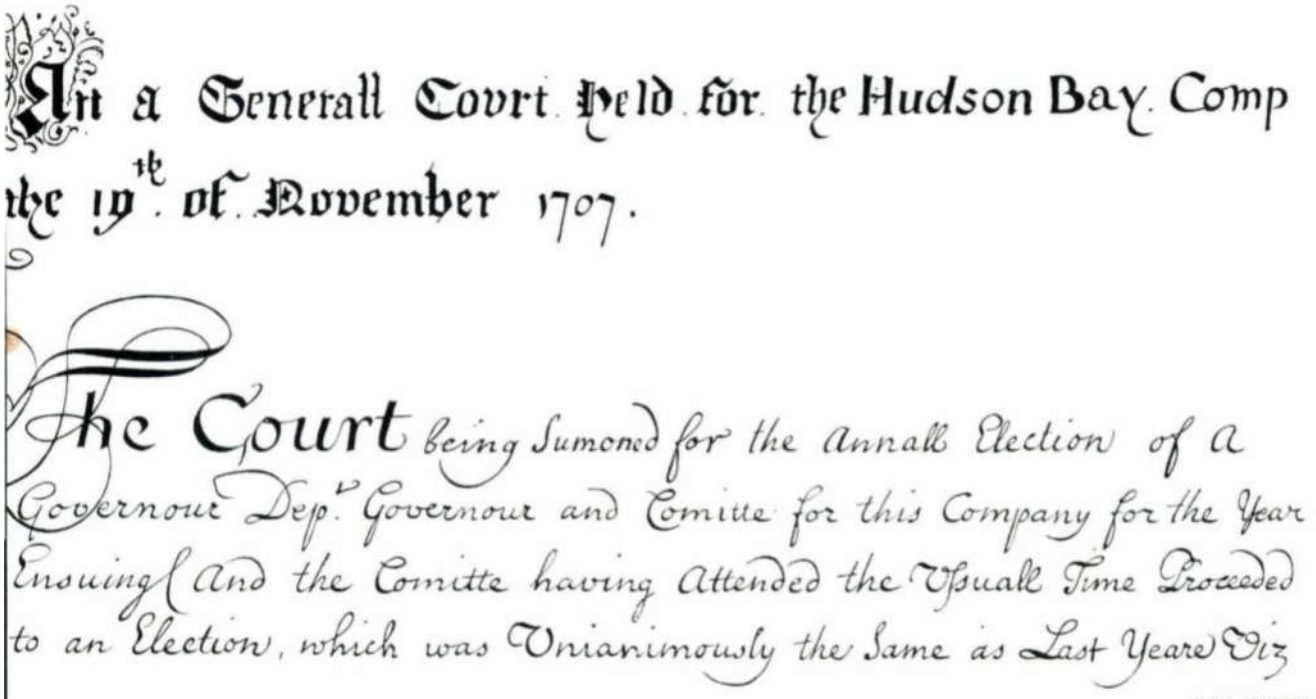
Long before this, however, there were distress signals to be read by those who chose to see them. The most accurate and sensitive year-to-year indicator of the Company's financial state at this time is supplied by the size of its debt on bond and the amount of money paid each year in the form of interest due to the bondholders. The practice of borrowing in this way had started early in the Company's history, and of necessity. Money was taken up, from shareholders or outsiders, at five or six per cent. interest for an initial period of six months, the security being the Company's seal. From the Company's point of view these loans were quite safe so long as bondholders did not all require repayment at the same time, and so long as the money was used to increase earning power or at least keep trade steady. The dangers of the device began to appear early in the war. The fur trade became uncertain, profits an unknown quantity. If the fleet failed, as in 1689, or if the market for furs was bad, as it frequently was between 1691 and 1713, the Company was in the position of borrowing and not earning enough to pay interest on the debt. Worse, the capital might be lost by enemy action. As a way of financing a necessarily speculative trade, this was too inflexible.

We can follow the course of the Company's debt in the Grand Ledgers under the heading 'Interest'. The totals for 1686-1700 show a small and easily managed debt down to 1688, with a sharp rise in 1689 and 1690, the years of the bumper dividends, then a further rise by irregular steps to a high point in 1698. In that year the Company paid £1,769 in interest, the equivalent of a dividend of 5½ per cent. on the trebled stock or 16½ per cent. on the original capital. Interest at this time being at the rate of six per cent., this payment suggests that the Company's total debt on bond in 1698 was all but £30,000. It was too much. With York Fort in enemy hands and only Albany remaining, with the disappointments of the Treaty of Ryswick (1697), with the period of exclusive trade granted by the Act of 1690 now expired, and with the London fur-market 'dead in 1698' in the words of E. E. Rich, the Company could not at this time have raised £30,000 or anything like it to repay the bondholders. For a long time it was obliged to live


Present.

S^r Steph Evance Govern^r
& Esq^r Nicholson Dep^t Gov^r
Cap^t John Merry
M^r Rob^t Nicholas
& M^r Sam^l Clarke
Cap^t James Knight
& Thomas Lake Esq^r

Only seven were present at this General Court in 1707 when the Committee re-elected itself. Two members, Perry and Young, were absent. Evance, the sixth Governor, had also served as fourth Governor.


At a Generall Court Held for the Hudson Bay Comp
the 19th of November 1707.
The Court being Sumoned for the Annall Election of a
Governour Dep.t Governour and Comitte for this Company for the Year
Ensuing (And the Comitte having Attended the Usuall Time Proceeded
to an Election, which was Unianimously the Same as Last Yeare Viz

H B C ARCHIVES

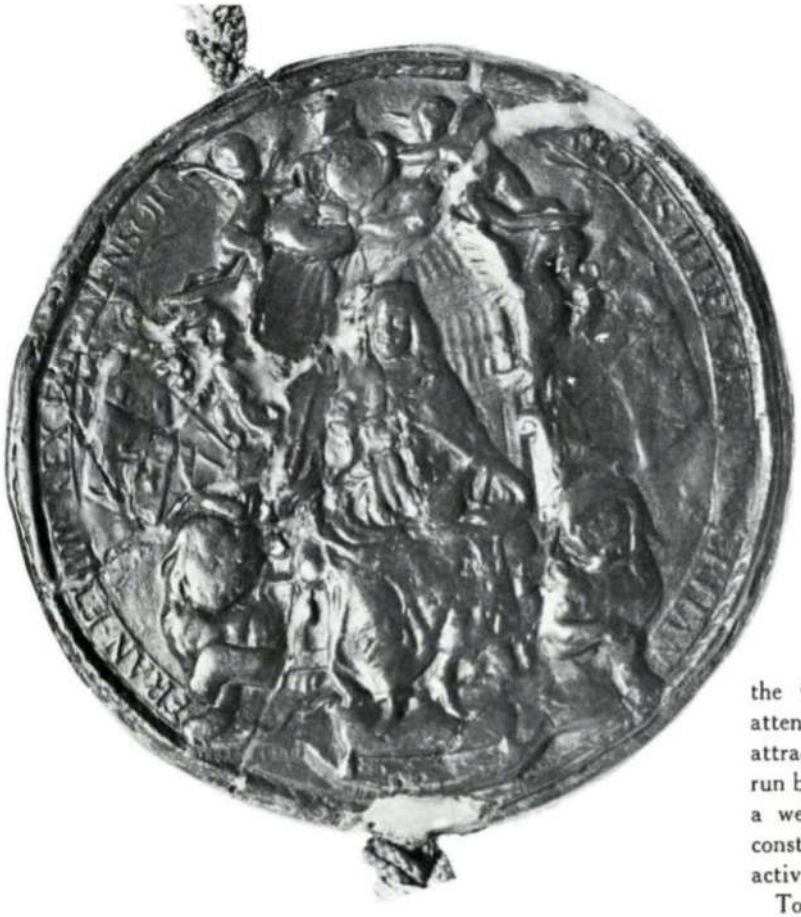
from hand to mouth. Money was borrowed to repay loans, borrowed also to pay interest on loans. Time and again the Committee had to whip round to meet urgent needs. Through all this the Company survived, but the margin of safety was a narrow one.

How had things got to this pass? Most of the goods and stores sent to the Bay cost more in wartime. Wages were higher. For the first time the Company had to pay taxes—£1,575 in 1693, though that was an exceptional year. Beaver sold badly, and the bid to get rid of unwanted furs in Holland and Russia, though proof of enterprise, did not bring much relief. Over all were the damages in the Bay inflicted by the French and the cost of making them good. When Iberville took York Fort in 1694, the Company put its loss at £18,000; when he took it again in 1697 the furs there were worth £20,000. Knight's fleet of 1692 to recover Albany cost £9,000 for shipping alone. The gross expenditure on the expedition of 1696 to retake York has been estimated at £40,000, three times the cost of an ordinary outfit: this includes trade goods, but at least £15,000—the equivalent of a dividend of 50 per cent.—is attributable to warlike operations against the French.

After 1698 the Company's financial position, reflected in the cost of servicing the debt, stopped getting worse. By 1701 the interest charge was down to £1,319; by 1702 to £980; never again in the period we are considering did it top £1,000 in a year. A clear contrast emerges between the financial effects of King William's War (1689-97) and Queen Anne's War (1702-13). In the first, interest charges paid by the Company averaged £1,100 a year, in the second £650. This is not difficult to explain. Between 1689 and 1697 Hudson Bay, though not exactly a major theatre of war, was the scene of a number of spirited and costly actions by both sides. In Queen Anne's War, on the other hand, no English or French warship sailed into the Bay in twelve years; no post changed hands. The Hudson's Bay Company launched no aggressive action, and the French attempted only the overland attack on Albany in 1709 which Fullartine repulsed without much difficulty. French inactivity gave the Company the chance to retrench.

The policy of no dividend was the correct course for survival. It is, however, one thing for the directors of a company to take that decision, quite another for the shareholders to accept it. The two likeliest sources from which to deduce the opinion which shareholders have of a company are the prices at which the stock changes hands, and the minutes of the annual general meetings.

From the newspapers it appears that the price of Hudson's Bay stock fluctuated a good deal in 1693, 1694 and 1695. From 1696 to 1698 it settled at or just above par. For 1699 and 1700, only nominal prices are given, denoting that the stock was ceasing to be regularly dealt in. Looking at the Transfer Books, we can see that this was indeed so. A steady drop in the annual volume of dealings took place from 1691 when £40,000, much more than the equivalent of the entire nominal capital, changed hands, to 1698 when the comparable figure was £2,300. There was a brief and unexplained spurt in dealings in 1699 and 1700, but thereafter business dwindled to very little. This is the moment when the newspapers ceased to print the price of Hudson's Bay stock. Clearly dealings had become too few for a current price to be established. Over the years 1701 to 1718, inclusive, only 91 transfers were registered in the Com-



Obverse and reverse of the Great Seal on the Company's Charter which was sometimes used as security for loans.

pany's books, and some of these were splitting of holdings or the transfer by executors of the estates of dead shareholders.

From the start of the eighteenth century the typical Hudson's Bay stockholder begins to emerge as an investor who held on to his or her shares in adversity and prosperity alike. The resumption of dividends in 1718 did not rekindle dealings in Hudson's Bay stock. The Hudson's Bay Company had become, what it was to remain until 1821, a small group of proprietors who rarely bought or sold, resembling in some respects the shareholders of a modern private company. Everyone knows of the 'Sleep by the Frozen Sea'; this is the beginning of a kind of London counterpart, the sleep of the proprietors on their frozen stock.

It is difficult to know whether this lethargy arose from impotence or from contentment. Did the stockholders in the years of no dividend, have a perfect confidence that the policy of the Committee was the right one and that the Company would win through in the end? Or was it rather that the General Court of Proprietors was as ineffectual for the expression of grievances as most modern annual general meetings? Decade by decade the number of General Courts fell: from eighteen in 1691-1700, to sixteen in 1701-1710, to thirteen in 1711-1720. Meetings, to judge by the minutes, were brief, attended by few stockholders, and dominated by the retiring Committee. Three or four stockholders, in addition to the Governor and Committee, made up the usual attendance, though a really important meeting might attract one or two more. The Company was in practice run by a Committee that was virtually self-electing, like a well-managed club in which, despite a democratic constitution, business is conducted by a small group of activists willing to give time and trouble to its affairs.

To this statement there is one exception, in 1709 when a number of stockholders obtained the appointment of a special committee 'to inspect the Affaires of the Compa. & Report the same to a General Court'. This committee duly met, but the result was anti-climax. Nothing was changed. Either the inspection vindicated the management, or the inspectors were baffled by account-books which, though regularly kept, present all kinds of difficulty to someone seeking to know whether the Company was making money, and if so where that money was going.

Two themes in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company can thus be associated with the years of no dividend. First, the stock became a less negotiable security. Transfers were fewer. With no price current and no newspaper quotations, selling a piece of Hudson's Bay stock must have become more like selling a house. Secondly, the Committee's grip on the Company's affairs was quite unshaken by the twenty-eight barren years; compared to the 1690s it became tighter. The Company was run by, at most, nine men. Precisely why the members of the Committee were willing to give time and attention to affairs which brought them, apparently, so little profit, it is difficult to say. One must either suppose that the work ministered to their sense of self-importance or one must say that they had faith that the Company's business would eventually come right. Many of them were dead by the time dividends were resumed: their heirs and successors were the beneficiaries. ◆

CAPTORS AND THEIR CAPTIVES

BY J. MAURICE HODGSON

At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies

THE INVESTIGATION of sources of poetic creation has been the occupation of many scholars and, as John Lowes discovered in researching Coleridge's sources, much poetic inspiration has emanated from the journals of explorers and travellers in the New World. Of course Shakespeare has come in for his share of examination, but only his last play, *The Tempest*, owes its major inspiration to early journals from America. The island setting for *The Tempest* is very like the island described by Sylvester Jourdain in his journal of the Bermuda shipwreck *Sea Adventure* published in 1610, the year prior to the writing of *The Tempest*. The play is concerned with magic, the usurpation of power and plots of murder, but its real concerns are with the triumph of love and the propagation of mercy. Shakespeare apparently saw Prospero's island as a proving ground for a new society free of the old animosities of Europe.

The Tempest is also a play about captives, Prospero's captives: the benign spirit Ariel and the evil, though comically harmless, Caliban. The releasing of these captives, the final act by Prospero reflecting his concept of mercy, is an action similar to that experienced by three who had been captured in America, Alexander Henry 1763, John Tanner in 1789, and John Jewitt in 1803. In each of these instances the captives attempted, with immediacy if not always with Shakespearean eloquence, to express in their journals their joy at escaping death and the affection they felt for their Indian captors.

Early in June of 1763 the English fort at Michilimackinac was captured through a clever ruse by the Ojibwa Indians and, in the ensuing mêlée, numerous English soldiers and fur traders were killed while the French residents of the fort were not molested. Alexander Henry, an independent fur trader and then a youth of 24, succeeded in secreting himself in the attic of a house belonging to Charles Langlade where a Pawnee woman slave of Langlade's helped Henry hide and her actions were characteristic of the aid which Henry received from the Indians before and after the massacre.

There seems to have been a remarkable liaison between youths like Henry and certain of the North American Indians: certainly, only some fundamental rapport can explain the treatment which captives like Henry, Tanner and Jewitt received while their companions were murdered. In the year prior to the attack on Michilimackinac, Henry had been unaccountably adopted by an Ojibwa chief, Wawatam, who had shown him exceptional regard. They exchanged presents and Henry became Wawatam's white brother. Two days before the massacre, Wawatam came to Henry at the fort and warned him of the impending battle but the Indian, concealing his warning in figurative language in order not to openly betray his Indian friends, confused Henry who did not comprehend the full purport of Wawatam's message.

The day following the attack Langlade revealed Henry's hiding place but the ensuing confrontation between another Ojibwa chief, Wenniway, and Henry, rather than resulting in Henry's death, ended in his being taken into yet another Indian family. Wenniway proved to be a strong protector against vengeful Indians. It was not until three days after the massacre that Wawatam finally came forward to claim his white brother and to release him from his bond to Wenniway. The year that Henry spent with his adopted family demonstrates the classic pattern of the captive willingly becoming a full member of the captor's tribe, the pattern of integration assumed by captives in order to survive.

Shortly after joining Wawatam's family the chief of the Indian village of Michilimackinac, Menehwehna, suggested that Henry would be safe from attack by strange Indians if he dressed as themselves. The physical metamorphosis took place with little objection from Henry who seemed more amused than shocked by the change. He then resigned himself to a life of the nomad hunter and proved, by his own account at least, to be a successful one. Wawatam constantly encouraged Henry who, though longing to escape, was pleased with his ability to adapt to a savage society. In the spring Henry returned to Michilimackinac not as a trader but as an Indian trapper and was paradoxically appalled at the rapacity of the fur traders. Despite his power as a chief, Wawatam realized that he could not protect Henry from the fear and hatred of marauding Indians and so, when the opportunity appeared to send Henry safely to Sault Ste. Marie, he willingly released him, pledging at the same time to see him the following season at Michilimackinac. Wawatam knew that to hold his captive was to risk his life, and so released him in a sincere and magnanimous act. Their separation was not that between captor and captive, but as between brothers and, like Prospero releasing Ariel, the parting is touchingly expressed by both men.

Amongst the many Indians in North America who took white captives none is more curious than Net-no-kwa, a woman principal chief of the Ottawas, who is intimately described by John Tanner in his narrative of thirty years with the Indians of central Canada. He spent most of his captivity with her following his capture by a Shawnee in 1789. Two years later, Net-no-kwa bought Tanner, still a boy, from the Shawnee as a replacement for her own dead

son. The son-replacement is the most common motive for the initial preservation of the white captive, while the natural affection which this engenders, plus the certainty of being the ward of a strong chief, are the main assurances that the captive will survive. Net-no-kwa, by Tanner's account was both drunkard and clairvoyant but, apart from her drunkenness—an occupational hazard with the Indians during the rivalry of the fur trading companies—she had the ingenuous nature of the pristine savage. It was a nature which Tanner seemed to develop through his contact with her, and a nature which precluded the possibility of re-integration into white society in 1822 when he finally made a break with his Indian brothers. Whenever Net-no-kwa and her tiny band were at the point of starvation, which happened frequently judging by the emphasis it received in Tanner's narrative, she would enter a trance which permitted the Great Spirit to inform her where game could be obtained. When Tanner took an Indian wife he drifted away from Net-no-kwa, but he had developed an acquaintance with the spirits himself and was frequently visited by a strange, youthful warrior who climbed down through the centre of Tanner's wigwam to give him reports of game or timely warnings. This intercourse with spirits is, perhaps, the most outstanding manifestation of Tanner's integration into the Indian society, but it also indicates a concept of a benign and provident Nature: a very necessary belief in the oppressive and harsh reality of Indian existence. It also points out an interesting parallel with Prospero and his communication with spirits, and illustrates Shakespeare's apparent belief that the New World, though harsh, allowed a spiritual communication which had died in the jaded European societies.

The narratives of the captives Alexander Henry and John Tanner manifest the extremes of journal writing for the sophistication of Henry is quite alien to the naivety of the tragic Tanner. John Jewitt, who wrote of two years' captivity with the Nootka Indians on the west coast in the opening years of the 19th century, shared little with the two former writers other than their youth and optimism. However, like Henry, Jewitt was spared while a wholesale slaughter of his *Boston* shipmates went on about him; and though Henry could never logically explain why he was singled out, it was clear that the Nootka chief, Maquina, spared Jewitt in order to make use of his trade as armourer.

Jewitt's journal displays perhaps the greatest degree of emotional dependence upon his captor, partly through his particular ability to express himself, but also through the very real contact that he made with Maquina and his family. So great was his worth to Maquina that Jewitt was able to convince the chief, against the bitter opposition of lesser chiefs, to save another member of the *Boston*, John Thompson the sailmaker. This concern for Jewitt the craftsman was soon sublimated by a genuine feeling on the part of Maquina and his family for Jewitt the captive youth, who at the time was only 20. The strength of Maquina's affection for Jewitt was constantly being tested by the improprieties of Thompson who, being much older than Jewitt and less malleable, refused to conform to the Indian way of life and on one occasion struck the chief's son, Sat-sat-sak-sis, and later a young chief who had insulted him. In each case, after much pleading by Jewitt, Maquina forbore to punish Thompson and, harder still, forbade any other Indian to take vengeance. In the course of his captivity Jewitt passed through a number of phases in his integration into the savage life: he, like Henry, put aside European clothes, then proceeded to learn the native language (which Thompson adamantly refused to do) and, finally, in the last year of his captivity, took an Indian wife.

Through this extended metamorphosis Maquina looked on as an indulgent parent, but one who was being constantly rewarded by his foster son, not only through the satisfaction of the change, but more tangibly through the fine weapons which Jewitt produced for him. Then, but a few months before the appearance of the ship which was to rescue him, Jewitt reversed the integration process: first, by sending his wife back to her tribe and then by resuming European dress after a lengthy illness which he blamed on his inability to adapt to native clothing. Maquina observed the transformation with foreboding and insisted upon having Jewitt with him constantly. When the rescuing brig *Lydia* appeared, Jewitt achieved his release by having Maquina himself arrested by the ship's captain. When this became known the frantic natives were only too willing to exchange Maquina for Jewitt as the latter rightly judged. Jewitt's Nootka experience was deep and reciprocal and, as he arranged for Maquina's release, the latter acknowledged the mercy of one who had the right to retribution and he left the ship with every sign of affection for his former captive. The ingenuous savage first imprisoned and then unexpectedly released by those whom he had expected to take revenge, perhaps wondered, as did Prospero's innocent daughter Miranda,

O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

It is evident that the white man who falls captive or who is adopted into an Indian tribe must always be prey to the ambivalence of civilized man toward the native, for the desire to integrate competes with the notion of the natives' basic ignorance. However, these three achieved integration to a remarkable degree and, despite the circumstances of their capture, were prepared to forgive their captors and try to accept the life offered them. In each case, the individual's youth and natural spirits aided his survival and integration, but also the prevailing forgiving spirit, which in all cases was reciprocated, led eventually to the release of the captives. Prospero's philosophy seems to resound through the three narratives:

The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance.♦

CHINOOKS AND BLIZZARDS

BY BERNICE LARSON WEBB

Dr Bernice Webb is professor of English at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, where her husband is professor of geography.

WITH THE SAME ANTICIPATION that a bird-watcher maintains while looking for the first robin of springtime, my husband and I awaited the coming of a chinook wind to Alberta in the winter of 1968-9.

Having been granted a year's sabbatical leave from the University of Southwestern Louisiana, Bob had chosen to do field work and research on the effects of the chinook in areas directly east of the Canadian Rockies. Therefore, we settled down in February to work at the University of Calgary at Calgary and the University of Alberta at Edmonton. Despite the pessimism of Canadian climatological experts, who explained that the winter had been strangely lacking in chinooks, we were hoping that a chinook wind would soon blow our way. We wanted to observe firsthand the effects of that dry mountain wind that gobbles up snowdrifts and raises the temperature at a dizzying rate within minutes of its arrival. Freshly arrived from the Southland, we were eager to study the freaks of an Albertan winter, and the chinook was one of its most notable features.

The word chinook means 'snow eater' in an Indian dialect, and a true chinook is literally an eater of snow. A warm, dry wind descending the leeward side of the Rocky Mountains and blowing eastward from there, the chinook brings high temperatures and low relative humidity, which evaporate winter snow while granting relief from cold weather.

The coming of a chinook can be both seen and felt. After a period of cold weather, when the thermometer may have stayed well below zero for a week, a bright streak sometimes appears below the clouds along the western horizon, growing wider in an arch-like band, and people's hearts grow correspondingly lighter. This cloud formation, known as the 'chinook arch', is a line of altocumulus and altostratus clouds parallel to the mountains and stretching for tens or hundreds of miles in a roughly north-south direction. Along with this visual display, the wind, which has been southeast or south, shifts suddenly to strong westerly, blowing about fifteen to twenty miles an hour. A sharp rise of temperature occurs, which can be as rapid as 40 degrees Fahrenheit in five minutes, and is usually more than 12 to 15 degrees Fahrenheit in an hour. Accumulated snow disappears as if by magic, leaving dry ground. Often (to the sceptical disbelief of Eastern Canadians) deep snow cover in the Chinook Belt is removed from the ground without any appreciable melting.

The length of a chinook varies. Warm, gusty conditions may prevail for several days at a time or, perhaps, for only a few hours. The termination of a chinook is as dramatic as its beginning. To compensate for the hours or days of comfort it has brought, the chinook is usually ended by a change of wind direction to strong north or northeast, a sharp fall in temperature, and snowfall—at its worst, a blizzard.

Some winters only weak imitations occur, but a real chinook can produce startling results both in temperature change and in snow evaporation. Speedy removal of snow is the most striking effect of the chinook, and legends have grown up around this characteristic, many of these tales being written into early histories of the West.

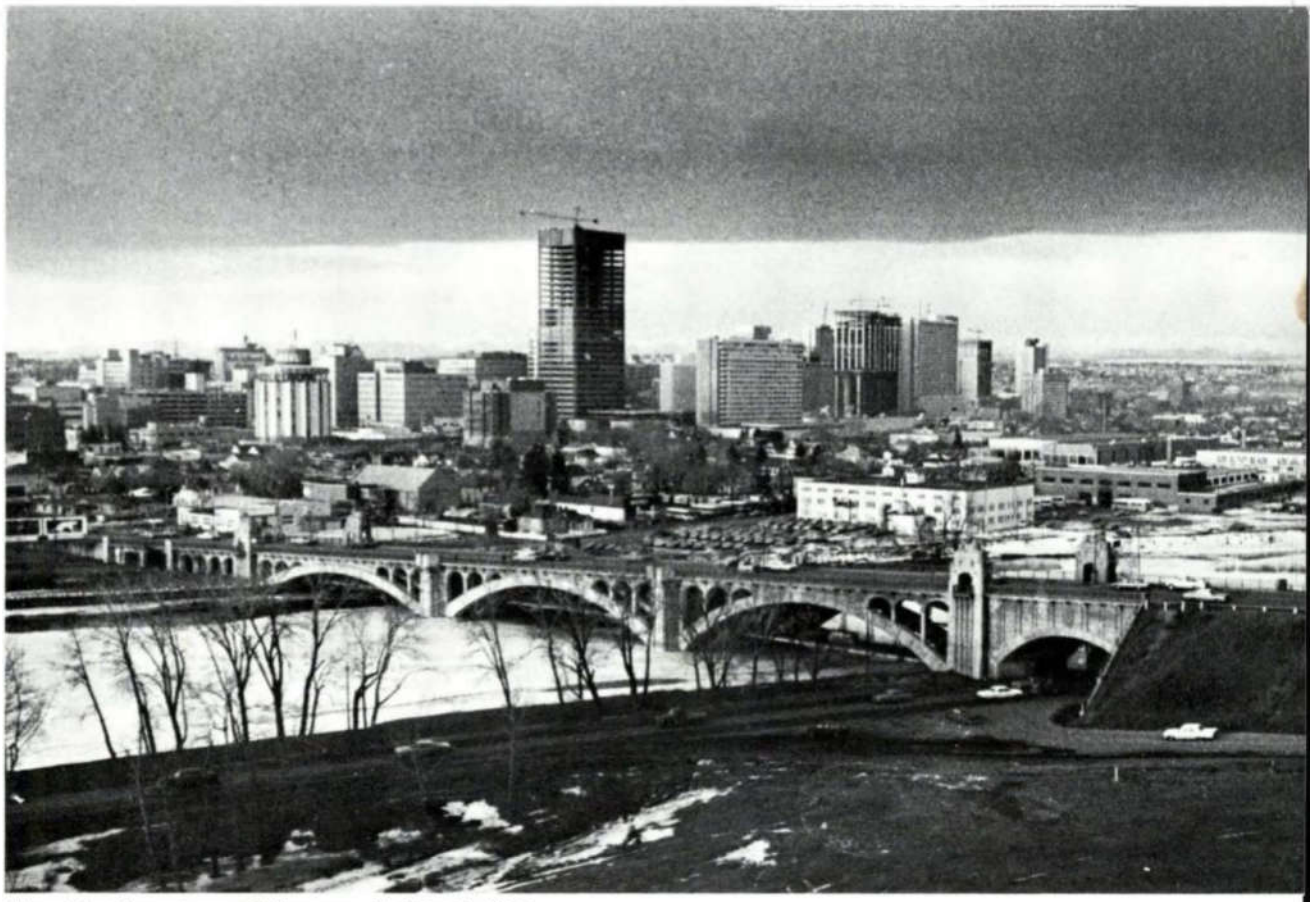
One story tells of the worried sledge driver urging his team homeward over a packed snow trail, trying to keep ahead of the chinook following closely behind. Had his team faltered, the chinook would have eaten up the snow ahead of him, leaving the ground bare and useless for a sledge.

The most notable appearances of the chinook are in line with main gaps in the Rocky Mountain range and the low-pressure systems occurring there. Targets, in varying degrees of intensity, for these movements of warm air, residents of the province of Alberta and even of some parts of Saskatchewan feel slightly superior to inhabitants of other parts of Canada.

'It is true we get cold weather, but . . . every so often we get our chinooks to bring us sunny mild weather. These give us a break and make the winter seem short,' they say.

This phenomenon is more pronounced in its appearance and more striking in its effects throughout the so-called 'Chinook Belt' in southern Alberta than it is anywhere else. Three outstanding centres of chinook action have been identified in the vicinities of the cities of Lethbridge and Calgary and in the forty-odd miles between these cities and the mountains.

Municipal authorities in the Chinook Belt are influenced in their planning by expectation of chinook winds, relying in part on this weather feature for street-clearing. In Calgary, for example, although officials employ snow ploughs regularly in business sections, the city does not plough residential streets. By depending on the assistance of the chinook in the municipal snow-removal program, city fathers figure that the municipal government saves millions of dollars a year. Therefore one



The chinook arch over Calgary on 21 March 1969.

of those occasional winters without a chinook means embarrassment for Calgary officials.

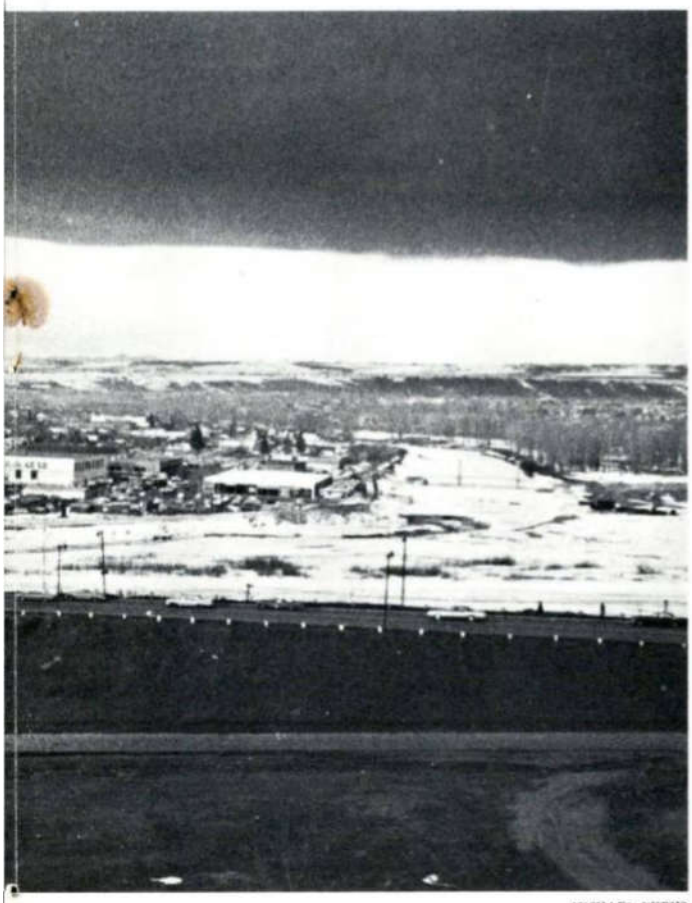
For ranchers of southern Alberta a chinook-free winter is worse than embarrassing. It can be fatal for livestock and financially disastrous for livestock owners. When chinooks come, ranchers can leave their cattle on the open range during the winter with the expectation that chinooks will remove any accumulation of snow and the cattle can continue to find food. Thus, there is a saving in feed bills. But if there is an unexpectedly severe winter, without chinooks—as happens approximately one year in ten—and ranchers have not laid in a sufficient supply of hay, losses of cattle can be heavy. In the winter of 1886-7, for example, after ten years of happy reliance on the chinook, the chinook failed its believers, and cattle, for whom no cut feed had been laid in, perished.

Another danger is that a chinook may only partially, instead of completely, remove snow cover, leaving a thick crust of ice or ice-crusted snow over the grass that hungry livestock need and cannot reach. A third hazard is that an unexpected blizzard coming after a long chinook period can catch livestock in the open and cause deaths through exposure.

A separate set of risks is related not directly to livestock itself but to crops and other vegetation. This risk is that the removal of snow cover destroys the insulation that dormant vegetation will need during the remainder of the winter. As a striking example, winter kill of trees in the Calgary area is very common. Another harmful result in tree growth is 'red belt', a disease of coniferous trees, which has been attributed to the drying effect of the chinook. More economically important, however, is another unfavourable effect. Because the chinook has the power not only to remove snow but also to dry out soil, loss of soil moisture may adversely affect plant growth during the growing season, particularly in districts where rainfall is marginal.

Study of the chinook is serious business. At the University of Calgary a Chinook Research Project was set up with a grant from the National Research Council of Canada. At a series of weather stations between the university campus and the Rocky Mountains forty-five miles to the west, measurements of wind direction and speed, temperature, barometric pressure, vapour pressure, and humidity are recorded, and conclusions are drawn therefrom.

Our heads swam as significant meteorological figures from Albertan weather stations and weighty facts about the economic importance of the chinook were impressed upon us. My husband and I felt cheated, indeed, that



MICHAEL BURNS

1968-9 was one of those infrequent winters in which chinooks chose not to appear.

But, eventually, one made its appearance.

In early March a chinook came to Calgary. We saw it in the west late one afternoon, not daring to believe our eyes. But we became believers when the temperature began to climb, late in the day though it was, and continued to rise throughout the night. Snow melted on the streets and in the yards. The earth thawed, and crews of road repairmen went to work as 'frost heave' caused breaks in streets and highways. Children and grown-ups joined in an effort to drain water off residential property as the sudden chinook brought a flood of slush and water and drainage systems clogged.

Then, a few days later, the cold wave that follows a chinook arrived and, with that strange up-and-down quality that Calgary weather has, slush bowls froze into huge sheets of ice.

That was not the end of the chinook season.

On the twenty-first day of March another chinook came. Across the top of page one of the afternoon edition of the city's largest newspaper was emblazoned a photograph showing the chinook cloud formation that had appeared in the west that day. The picture was boldly captioned: 'Chinook Arch Follows Hot On The Heels Of The First Day Of Spring'. It looked like a promise of a fair season, and, for a few unforgettable days, spring was with us full force.

But the lovely spring chinook was followed, as if in an inexorable course of justice, by a blizzard. Less than a week later, the same newspaper that had flaunted the photograph of a chinook arch showed on its front page a picture of an attractive young lady in fur coat and slacks shivering beside a snow-covered mailbox. Beside the photo appeared an article stating that a series of cold fronts had hit Calgary and vicinity, bringing an eleven-degree drop in temperature in the first few minutes of its arrival, and a forty-mile-an-hour blizzard. Ice and blowing snow had made driving almost impossible in most of southern Alberta, and Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrols were attempting to keep vehicles off the highways.

While driving on country highways was dangerous, driving in town was perhaps more so. Within the city limits of Calgary, automobiles piled up in accidents all over town or slid off the embankments of freeways. Before the day was over, the storm had turned city streets into what looked like an annex to a junk yard.

For several hours my husband and I didn't know about the events going on about us. At noon we came out of the darkened and windowless microform reading room of the University of Calgary library and walked headlong into the unexpected blizzard. Luckily we were dressed in heavy coats and boots, for when we had left home a few hours earlier snow was falling and the temperature dropping, and we must have had a premonition. Our car did not cause us any worry, sitting in a campus parking lot with its engine heater plugged into one of the electrical outlets installed on each parking post, prepared for any climatological vagaries. For that much comfort we were grateful, as we fought our way through driving snow to the Students' Union Building next door to the library.

Inside the Student's Union the snack bar was warm and comfortable, and white-uniformed serving women waited with ladles as usual behind fragrant steam tables, but the customary noon-hour rush was strangely small. We two foreigners felt brave for having come through the storm — and even braver when we left our shelter to struggle back to the library again.

At five o'clock, when it was time to go home for tea, we ventured out of the microform room again, like two groundhogs creeping cautiously out of their hole, hoping but not expecting to find good weather. To our surprise, the wind had died down, and snow ploughs busy with their duties as always, had already cleared away the snowdrifts. Calgary was back to normal.

Without a doubt, we had found what we came seeking in the Chinook Belt—and we liked it. The chinook may have made a mess of Calgary each time it departed, but the economic aid it gave to municipality and countryside and the psychological lift it gave to weather-chilled spirits were worth the trouble it caused. And there's nothing quite like the thrill of seeing a chinook arch in the sky.◆

CONVENT OF THE BUDDHIST NUNS
ILE-A-LA-CROSSE

History as it might have been:
an excursion into the realm of fantasy

BY TERRY SMYTHE

who really knows better, being a fur trade researcher in the National Historic Sites Service, abetted by drawings from Max Sutherland

IN AUGUST 1820 the Reverend Daniel Haskel of Burlington, who was editing the journals of his fellow Vermonter, Daniel Harmon, for publication, expressed his pious hopes for the spiritual welfare of the people among whom Harmon had lived for almost twenty years:

> I would ask, with deep interest, some one of the institutions, whose object is the diffusion of civilization and christianity among the Indian tribes, whether a missionary establishment might not be formed, in concert with the North West Company, which would, with much less trouble and even expense to them, accomplish the object which the Company have in view, than any establishment which they could independently make; and which would, at the same time, have a most auspicious bearing upon the religious interests of the tribes of the N.W. Country.[1]

Unknown to Haskel, and all but forgotten by posterity, that very North West Company of which Harmon was a partner had anticipated him by almost thirty years; for in 1792, in a quixotic mixture of philanthropy and commercial enterprise unparalleled in Canadian history, they had attempted to establish an exotic missionary colony in what is now a remote corner of northwestern Saskatchewan.

The genesis of the scheme can be seen in a letter written by Simon McTavish, the 'Marquis' of Montreal, in 1786:

> The Nahathaways [Cree] (I am told) are the mildest and most tractable of Salvages, and cou'd Religion but supply that Want of Order and good Govt which they do lack, they wou'd proove the fittest of all Natives in America to our Trade.[2]

But, he cautioned, care should be taken to avoid those 'busie priests and Dominies who are like to meddle with the Salvages, to the Detriment of Trade'. There the matter stood for almost a year until the fortuitous appearance in Montreal of McTavish's kinsman, Major Ludovic Fraser.

Ludovic's father, Simon, had been out with the clan in the '45, and was executed with Fraser of Lovat for his part in the rising. His widow and children fled to France, where Ludovic was raised, eventually entering the French army. He served briefly in the Carnatic, and about 1776 entered the service of the Dutch East India Company in Ceylon.[3] While in Montreal Fraser apparently regaled McTavish with tales of the money to be made in Indian silks, and with stories of the native religions, of which he had some considerable knowledge. As a result of Fraser's visit McTavish and his associates devised a strange scheme: they would bring to the fur country a group of Indian religious who could proselytize the natives without the risk of interference by 'busie priests and Dominies';

1 Daniel Williams Harmon, *A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America*, (Toronto, 1911), p. xviii.

2 Simon McTavish to John Askin, 3 August 1786, *Askin Papers*, P.A.C., MG 19/A3, vol. 27, fol. 46.

3 See Simon Fraser-Symonds, *A Genealogy of the Frasers of Strathkerick; together with some account of the Art of Piping in the Carpathian Mountains*, (Inverness, n.d.), pp. 65-8.

Major Ludovic Fraser. From an engraving after a portrait by Sir Robert Chalmers, c. 1775.

Facsimile of a page from the diary of Patience Holborne, noting the arrival of the nuns in Montreal.

and at the same time they would introduce a profitable silk industry to supplement the trade in furs.

At first the plan threatened to die aborning when it was pointed out that there were no mulberries on which to raise silkworms in the northwest; but when the learned Doctor Bailie of Edinburgh assured the sponsors that 'Mulberries are as like to Saskatoons as Russets to Pippins,'[4] the scheme went forward.

Silkworm eggs were obtained in France—on the assumption that they would be more suited to the North American climate than the Asiatic varieties—at a cost of £250 Halifax currency.[5] Major Fraser, who had since returned to Ceylon, arranged with a Buddhist community famous for its sericulture to send a missionary contingent to Canada. Twelve women, all of good family, and all expert in some aspect of silk manufacture, were selected and put in charge of them was a pious lady Abbess of Trincomalee. They were taken to Calcutta, and thence to Bristol aboard H.M.S. *Castor* towards the end of 1790; and after a long ocean voyage, complicated by the fact that the Abbess spoke very little English, and her nuns none, they arrived in Montreal on 28 April 1791.[6] The nuns caused a mild stir in Montreal, which was, however, as ill-prepared as any city in America to entertain thirteen sheltered Sinhalese ladies, and it was with evident relief that McTavish was able to send them on their way with the spring brigade.[7]

Shortly after their arrival, therefore, the nuns found themselves in a canoe westbound for the Grand Portage. Their saffron robes were hardly suited to wilderness canoe travel, and their shaven heads were the subject of unseemly levity (which, fortunately, they did not under-

4 Dr James Bailie to Simon McTavish, 3 September 1788, in Giulio Mensognero, Conte di Senzavergogna, *Doccumenti inediti sulla Compagnia del "North West," trovati nelle archive familiale d'Italia*, (Torino, 1947), p. 42.
The saskatoon or service berry, *Amelanchier canadensis*, is not, as Bailie supposed, in any way related either to the white mulberry, *Morus alba*, or to the American black mulberry, *M. nigra*. Even the latter, as the founders of Georgia discovered in the 1730s, is unfitted for sericulture. James Bailie was a colleague of Dr Joseph Black, Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh, and he, in turn, was a correspondent of the H.B.Co.'s Andrew Graham (see *H.B.R.S.* XXVII, p. xxxiv), whence Bailie's information on saskatoons ultimately derived. There is no evidence that the estimable Graham had himself ever seen saskatoons. See also Bailie's paper, "Flora of Ruperts Land," *Philosophical Transactions*, LXXX (London, 1790).

5 Ch. Ganache de Lourdaud, *Esquisse sur la sériculture dans l'Amérique septentrionale*, (Grenoble, 1938), pp. 107-13. Lourdaud had access to a good deal of material, both French and British, on the initial arrangements for this venture, and is generally dependable; but for the developments at Ile-à-la-Crosse after 1792 he resorts to pure speculation.

6 On the sailing of the nuns, see Rear Admiral (Retd.) Sir Nelson Frobisher, Bart., *A Callendar of Vessels outward bound from British India in the last half of the 18th Century*, (London, 1900), p. 87. The sensation caused by the arrival of the nuns in Montreal is recorded in the MS diary, 1783-95, of Miss Patience Holborne, now in the possession of her great-great-grandson, Mr John Dobrowski of Kirkland Lake, Ontario.

7 Simon McTavish to John Fraser, Sr., of London, 20 May, 1791, in Mensognero, *op. cit.*, p. 107: "The Indian nuns are off at last, Thank God—there are some here who hold that our Salvages are the lost Tribes of Israel, but I doe believe them to be rather Indians (as they are vulgarly call'd); and we doe but the Work of the Almighty by restoring them to that Worship which He had formerly ordained for them."

Cast of a medal designed (but never struck) to commemorate the North West Company's attempt at silk raising, 1792.

stand) on the part of the voyageurs,[8] but they seem to have made the trip without serious mishap. When the brigade reached the rendez-vous, however, none of the wintering partners could be prevailed upon to take the ladies inland, and so the thirteen were forced to spend the winter at Grand Portage.[9]

In the spring of 1792 Alexander Mackenzie left the inland depot on the journey that was to take him to the Pacific, and with him went the thirteen Sinhalese nuns. Mackenzie was somewhat skeptical of the whole venture, but seems to have treated the nuns with courtesy, although their demands that the canoes be stopped thirteen times a day for prayers must have been exasperating.[10] He was probably relieved when he arrived at Ile-à-la-Crosse, the site chosen for the experiment, on 19 August 1792, and handed his charges over to William McGillivray, the wintering partner at that post. En route one of the nuns had been drowned during a sudden squall at the narrows on Lake Winnipeg, the first—and perhaps only—Buddhist martyr in Canadian history.[11]

Officially the reason given for the choice of Ile-à-la-Crosse was that it was then a summer gathering place for the Cree, and that saskatoons (which were to serve in *loco Moruum*) were plentiful. One suspects, however, that most of the wintering partners refused to have anything to do with the scheme, and that McGillivray, who was still very junior in the concern, and was also McTavish's nephew and presumptive heir, could not refuse.[12]

Immediately on their arrival the nuns set about founding what was to become the first religious house in northwestern Saskatchewan, at what was later, by a strange quirk of fate, the site of the most important early Christian convent in the north west. At first they had to make do with a bark wigwam, there being no space in the post to accommodate them; but, notwithstanding the imminence of winter, they soon set about constructing more suitable quarters. Their first concern was the erection of a pagoda, and when McGillivray protested that he had not hands enough for the work the nuns themselves began an octagonal dry-stone work. The onset of winter forced its abandonment, and it was never finished. In the 1890s J. B. Tyrrell heard reports of a strange stone ring in a clump of bushes near the lake, and it may be that traces still remain.[13] Two small log buildings were hurriedly thrown up and these, hung with the tapestries which had constituted the sum of their worldly possessions on leaving Ceylon, comprised the whole of the convent during its subsequent history.[14]

From the beginning the plan miscarried. The nuns spoke neither English nor French, and neither McGillivray nor his Canadian interpreter had any Tamil, so communications with the prospective converts were severely limited. During the first winter the nuns were temporarily encouraged by the number of Cree who came to them for prayer wheels; but it turned out that the Indians had decided that the wheels made ideal stretchers for immature beaver pelts.[15] In the spring it became apparent that the silk scheme was doomed. Several of the precious eggs had been lost during the squall on Lake Winnipeg, and more had been eaten by the voyageurs, who mistook them for an exotic delicacy; the remainder proved mostly sterile. With considerable difficulty the nuns managed to hatch about a dozen eggs, but the larvae all died. Saskatoons, seemingly, were *not* 'as like to

8 David Thompson, still with the Hudson's Bay Company, met some of the North West voyageurs at Cumberland House in the spring of 1793, and noted with evident disapproval the comments they made about the nuns (but gave no particulars). He also disapproved of Buddhists. *David Thompson Notebooks*, P.A.C., MG 19/A8 2, vol. II, fol. 84.

9 This, at least, is the most logical assumption. A letter to Joseph Frobisher, signed only 'Yr freind, Archibald', and dated 'Grand Portage, 8 Dec., 1791', speaks of 'the Indian women who are continually praying in their yellow dresses'. Mensognero, *op. cit.*, p. 141. This has generally been taken as referring to the Christian Saulteaux at the post, but it might apply equally well to the Buddhist nuns.

10 Alexander Mackenzie to Roderick McKenzie, 3 (?) July, 1792: 'Dear Rory, I send this ahead by Mackay . . . These nuns are little Trouble to us, but that they continually prevail upon me by Signs to stop while they turn their Wheels and chant.' *Masson Papers*, P.A.C., MG 19/C1, vol. 32, fol. 120.

11 Unsigned MS journal, apparently kept by Alex. Mackay, who accompanied Mackenzie in 1792-3: 'Whilst crossing the Ouinnipig Lake we were overtaken by a sudden Wind and lost overboard an indian woman and her Wheel.' *Masson Papers*, P.A.C., MG 19/C1, vol. 61, fol. 13.

12 McGillivray became a partner in 1790. Part of his Ile-à-la-Crosse Journal for 1792-3 is among the *Masson Papers*, P.A.C., MG 19/C1, vol. 5. It has been hitherto unidentified because the title page and one or more other pages are missing, but internal evidence supports this identification. Unfortunately, the remaining fragment begins on 22 January [1793], so McGillivray's initial reaction to the arrival of the nuns is lost.

13 J. B. Tyrrell, field notebook for the season 1891, now in the library of the Geological Survey of Canada. Tyrrell never saw the ruins himself. The author of this paper visited Ile-à-la-Crosse in July 1969, but was unable to locate any remains. It would be poetic, but unlikely, if they were to be found at the southern end of the peninsula where the later, and more important Roman Catholic mission now stands.

14 William McGillivray to Roderick Mackenzie, 3 September, 1792: 'The Women which my d - - - d fool of an Uncle has sent into this Country are now with me, and have sett about building a stone Castel—but the coming of Winter will see them in Houses like any Christian. God knows, we have enough Indians in this Country, without those in Montreal shou'd send us more.' Mensognero, *op. cit.*, p. 160.

15 *Ibid.*

About 1850—the structure upper right may be the remains of the nuns' pagoda.

Mulberries as Russets to Pippins'. Still, the nuns persevered, with a toughness that belied their gentle backgrounds. After the turn of the century the North West Company, engaged in a death struggle with the Hudson's Bay Company, lost interest in the project, and even refused to consider repatriating the women. It seems possible that they withdrew to the site formerly occupied by Samuel Black for the XY Company across the lake from the main post sometime after 1805.[16]

Periodically after 1800 some mention, often veiled, creeps into the literature. For example, the manuscript copy of the younger Alexander Henry's Saskatchewan journal for 1808 contains the following cryptic comment:

> there are hindo wimen at Ilolo Cross who they say ar nuns—tho they speek no Xn languige. they ar bald and none will have em.[17]

When Peter Skene Ogden imprisoned the Hudson's Bay Company servants in their own post at Ile-à-la-Crosse in 1817 he supposedly taunted that if they resented his treatment they 'could go and live with the old women across the Lake'.[18]

Beyond this there seems to be nothing until mid-century. In 1846 Paul Kane met a band of Wood Cree far from home on the South Saskatchewan plains gathering blossoms of the prairie crocus 'for the old woman in the north'.[19] It was not until 1857, when Dr Hector of the Palliser expedition was at Fort Carlton that word of the fate of the last of the nuns reached the outside world. A small band of Cree appeared at the fort, bringing with them a rosary (now in the Science Museum, Kensington), and a much patched skin robe which bore traces of saffron dye.[20] As nearly as can be determined, the last nun had died about six years earlier. It is not known which of the ladies this was, but since all were in their thirties when they left Ceylon in 1790, she must have been over ninety when she died—an amazing tribute to her hardihood.

In almost every respect the venture had been a failure. The Nor'Westers' lack of success in this regard may, in fact, have been a hitherto unsuspected factor in their ultimate collapse: not only would a thriving silk manufacture have added appreciably to their revenues during the struggle with the Hudson's Bay Company; it might also have provided a hedge against the decline in the beaver market which the Hudson's Bay Company later faced after the introduction of the silk hat in the 1840s.

So far as can be determined, although the Cree appear to have extended their customary hospitality to the nuns, none of them were converted to Buddhism. However, in 1897 Professor August Leichtglaubig published a paper on 'Some Buddhist Parallels among the Shamanistic Practices of the Woods Cree,' in which he adduced (using *inter alia*, the similarity of Cree pelt stretcher to Buddhist prayer wheels) that the Cree were relatively recent immigrants from Asia.[21] Although his theories are now largely discredited, might this not be one indication that the Sinhalese nuns at Ile-à-la-Crosse did not labour entirely in vain? ◆

16 The fact that William McGillivray was, after 1804, the principal North West Agent in Montreal may have had something to do with the Company's reluctance to pursue the subject.
With regard to the evident move of the nuns after 1805, see p. 37, note 18. During the summer of 1969 I was informed that some of the older Indians at Ile-à-la-Crosse avoided the Fort Black site because it was 'haunted'. The usual explanation was that Samuel Black's ghost roamed the site, but a half-forgotten association with the nuns might explain the taboo.

17 Alexander Henry the younger, MS *Journal*, P.A.C., MG 19 A 13, fol. 188. Coues, in his published version, *New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest*, (New York, 1897) omitted this passage, although he has pencilled a question mark in the margin of the MS at this point.

18 Colin Robertson to Lord Selkirk, April 1819, *Selkirk Papers*, P.A.C., MG 19 E1 vol. 31, fol. 13506.

19 J. C. R. Edgar, ed., *The Letters of Paul Kane*, (Toronto, 1901), p. 85. This has generally been explained as a reference to some unidentified Cree religious rite, but it seems plausible that the 'Old Woman' was the last surviving Buddhist nun at Ile-à-la-Crosse, and that the Indians were gathering crocus blossoms to make the saffron for dyeing her robes. See also p. 7 and note 20.

20 J. Hector, 'An Unusual Occurrence at Fort Carlton on the Saskatchewan River', *Blackwoods Magazine*, May, 1861, pp. 31-38.

21 August Leichtgläubig, 'Buddhistische Parallelen bei Waldkris schamanistische Gewohnheiten', *Königlicher Bayerische Institut fur die primitivs Religionens Studien, Transaktionen* LIV, (München, 1897).

The footnotes, except Nos. 1 and 12, are complete fabrications, as is the entire basic concept.

JIM WOROBEC

In the Pilot's Seat

BY MARKOOSIE

In his own words, this is how 28-year-old Markoosie of Resolute became a pilot. Markoosie is married and has five children. His novel 'Harpoon of the Hunter' about a boy and a bear, was published last autumn, at which time he was photographed (left) in Winnipeg.

'RESOLUTE RADIO, RESOLUTE RADIO, this is Whisky-whisky papa on one two six decimal niner, do you copy? over.'

'Whisky-whisky papa, this is Resolute radio, I read you five, go ahead, over.'

'Resolute radio, WWP, roger, I am taxiing out at this time, estimating Pond Inlet in two hours plus two five minutes, we have four plus three zero fuel on board and two persons on board, requesting wind direction, traffic, and altimeter setting, over.'

This was my first trip beside a pilot on that dark cold January morning and the man sitting next to me was one of the north's great pilots, Weldy Phipps, the owner and pilot of Atlas Aviation. Also this was the first time I heard a pilot talking to controller and what they say was Greek to me. Sure, I understood who he was calling and that he was filing a flight plan. But the part I didn't understand was this Whisky-whisky papa stuff, and this one two six decimal niner. I wondered why a great pilot in the north would be talking about whisky on preparing for take-off.

A month earlier, I had told our Area Administrator I want to be a pilot someday and asked for support on finding a good place to learn to fly, and at same time I had applied for job at Atlas Aviation. I got the job but I wasn't sure I would get the support from Government for a flying course.

But here I was, sitting next to a pilot, in a cockpit of De Havilland Twin Otter, with the earphone on my ears and listening to conversation between a pilot and controller; in front of me was thousands of dials, meters, switches which I don't know which was what for. In years to come I was to learn all these, for two years since that memorable first flight, I was to be a first Eskimo pilot in Eastern Arctic to obtain a commercial licence. On that flight to Pond Inlet, the sky was dark and cloudless, I had no idea how high or how fast we were, and I had no sense of direction.

I learned great deal about flying from Weldy. While on flight I would ask him what all the instruments were for, he had told me what this meter is for and what that switch is for and how they know how high they are and how fast they travel just by looking at a certain instrument. From different pilots I learned different things.

My job was to load the planes, fuel them, and keep them clean and remove snow and ice each time before take-off. I was curious why removing snow and ice was so important before each flight, so I asked John Strickland and he told me how ice and snow affect the plane during the take-off.

Another lesson I learned from John was calmness. One day while we were flying, we experienced engine failure on Otter plane. Here we were flying eight thousand feet and all of sudden our engine quit without warning, instantly I froze in fear in my seat, the nose went down and I could see mountains down below. While frozen to my seat I could see John switching fuel tank and adjusting mixture, seconds later the engine roared to life. This engine failure might have lasted only few seconds but it taught me how a pilot cannot afford to panic. By quick action John had started the engine again and I realized a pilot must keep calm during emergency.

I was born in small Island on east coast of Hudson's Bay, what year I was born I really don't know. I ask my parents when I was born, but like most Eskimos they had forgotten just what day and year; according to my parents I was born during the war when Hitler had England in the palm of his hand, but that didn't answer my question.

How did I get interested in flying?

As far as I can remember I got interested in flying while I was watching movies. I saw this movie about the fighter pilots during World War II and I decided right then and there that someday I would be a pilot. This happened when I was very young. My first real break came in while I was passenger in one trip. I was visiting relatives in Pond Inlet and I decided to ask the captain Robert O'Connor, what it takes to be a pilot. He told me I need at least three things: health, education, and money. I had the health but I didn't have money or education. I decided my first goal was education, and for the next two years I work like mad to complete my education and at the same time I took a job. Doing two things at the same time was not easy but I was determined to do it. I finished required grade but I still didn't have enough money to go for course. That's when I decided to find out if I can get Government help.

A month later I was told I would get the support and I was told where I would go, I was also told it would be a hard struggle. But then as an Eskimo I had known hardship all my life. During my younger days we had faced almost starvation. I can remember when we would go many days without food and heat when my father was unable to get seal and when the weather does not permit hunting, but I had survived and I was sure I would survive no matter how hard the course is. I also knew for thousands of years the Eskimo had survived bitter land and fought starvation, sickness, nature, and had won, and I would too.

With coming of a white man, the life of an Eskimo became easier. So many times I had heard how the white man is taking our rightful land, and taking our freedom. This might seem true, but again the white man had brought many opportunities, they give us education and training so we can help ourselves. When the Eskimo said the white man has taken our freedom he means that today young people are taken from their homes and brought south for education and those who took a job are no longer free to hunt. Also many will say white man machine is taking over our huskies; this is true, but the huskies who had been our most loyal friend for thousands of years deserve rest and now there is such a machine to take over just like automobiles took over horses in white man's world.

Hearing I would get support for my flying course, I went home dancing and told my wife. Right away I could sense she wasn't too happy about the news. Sure, we had discussed this before and she had always been understanding woman and had wished me to get the support. But knowing I was ready to start training as a pilot she was worried. She said. 'Isn't flying dangerous? What if something should happen to you?'

I answered. 'Flying is not dangerous and nothing will happen to me, don't worry God is always here to be with us and if He should decide what should happen to me I will accept it, but don't worry, I have hunch God love us too dearly to separate us.'

Being a religious girl, my wife understood and I held her for long time.

May 1st was the date I would leave home for my flight training. The big day came and as I went to passenger terminal to get the ticket with my family beside me, I sensed this was the biggest step I ever took in my life. As I was about to board a big airliner I kissed my wife good-bye and I noticed there were tears in her eyes. 'God be with you,' she said.

Then I turned to my son and said, 'You be good and take care of mommy'. He said, 'When are you coming back?' I answered, 'I'll be back soon.' As I started to climb the steps my son started to cry and tried to come but his mother held him back.

I took the seat and looked out of the window and saw my family, my son was still pulling at his mother and crying hard as ever. As big engines roared to life, my son was still trying to get away from his mom's hands. For first time in many years I felt like crying. Minutes later we were cruising at 33,000 feet. I was on my way.

During my days with Atlas Aviation I had learned many things, and one of them was how a pilot must understand about the weather and how deadly it can be. One day I found out what pilot can do when facing bad weather with not enough fuel to travel far. In Eureka we went to weather office and checked the weather in Resolute, which was our base. The meteorologist report the wind was 30 knots with ceiling of five hundred feet of overcast, the visibility was two miles, the wind was cross-wind. Our pilot, Richard de Blicquy, who has thousands and thousands of hours of bush flying, was calm about the weather and we left. We were about seventy miles away from Resolute when we made contact with Resolute weather station.

Weather station reports: Sky condition two hundred feet overcast, visibility one quarter of a mile, wind speed forty-five knots, temp. thirty degrees below zero.

The weather had turn worse since we left Eureka, we were requested to turn back but since we were in good weather yet Dick decided we will land in the lake forty miles northeast of Resolute and told the weather man about this. Some thirty miles later we were again told by weather man the visibility had gone down to one sixteenth of a mile, but since we were only twenty miles away and with visibility still fairly good, Dick told the weather man he would fly over the station before going on to the lake. We proceed on toward Resolute but we were now down to fifteen hundred feet above sea level under overcast skies and quite a violent turbulence. Watching Dick I was impressed how calm he was. Will I be like him someday? I thought. Minutes later our radio compass indicated we were over the station and Dick put the nose down. We descended to thousand, six hundred, five hundred, four, three, and at two hundred feet we saw small building directly ahead. Dick knew with forty-five miles per hour wind right across the runway landing was risky, but from two hundred feet the visibility was fairly good. He radioed the station he would land in tarmac which was about thousand feet in diameter, he had done this before in worse condition in single engine planes. As we approached the runway the visibility became worse but we still could see pretty good. We touched down and Dick reversed the power and we stopped within fifty feet of our touchdown. From this experience I learned no matter how bad the weather is, a good pilot will always walk away from his plane if he has the ability to do so.

We landed in Montreal Airport some twelve hours later. We had stopped only twice to refuel, at Frobisher Bay and Fort Chimo. At Montreal I waited three hours for the flight to Toronto and had time to see the sights at International Airport, I saw thousands of planes from hundreds of countries around the world. As I watched all these planes I thought that maybe one day I would be a pilot like those who take off and land every few minutes. At least I had taken the first step. Some hours later I climbed down at Toronto Airport and I was met by the man who would play important part of helping me during my stay in south.

Mr Reddick and his wife and daughter took me to Guelph in their car, and we spent the night in Guelph. Next day we travelled all day and it was hot, too hot for my comfort. We arrived in Goderich where I was to spend the next three months. Since this was the weekend Mr Reddick and family and I spent it seeing the town and went to the beach. This was my first experience at beach and tried swimming, I don't swim but it was fun jumping up and down in the warm water of Huron Lake, and the sight was out of this world and there were lots of interesting numbers, numbers of 38-32-36.

On Monday morning I met the people who I was to work with, I met my chief instructor, Don Fisher and that same day I took my first lesson on Cessna 150. As we went to the plane, Don showed me what the first thing we must do all the time, checking the aircraft. First we went to propeller, then checked wind screen, the oil, nose wheel, brake line, windows, struts, leading edge of wings, lights and right around the aircraft. After inspection of aircraft Don told me to get on the left seat, a pilot's seat. I couldn't help smiling, here I was on a pilot seat with the instructor on my right, this was lifetime dream.

Inside the aircraft I took the seat, closed the door, buckled my seat belt and looked at instruments. Thanks to that job I had with Atlas Aviation, some instruments were familiar, some were new to me. Having never started the plane I stopped completely. Then Don's calm voiced easied me when he told me the first thing to do when starting.

Zipporah of Resolute, Markoosie's wife.

Son Ipellie, at the age of seven.

The twin-engine Otter that Markoosie flies, at Resolute in the High Arctic.

After few minutes of instruction on ground we taxi out to runway that looked so narrow. Will I be able to keep the aircraft on that thin line of concrete runway? I asked myself. But with Don on my side I felt confident and when Don said to turn power on I did, slowly, too slow, and Don put his hands on my hands and helped me to push the throttle, all this time he was talking: 'Use the rudder to keep the plane in line, steady on the control. now the speed is eighty, pull control slowly and easily, that's it, now we are off the ground, keep the wings in level, climb at eighty.' For next one hour Don told me how to control the plane, how the plane yaw, pitch, roll and so on. Landing was hard and tricky, I tried to keep the plane in line with runway but everytime there is gust the plane try to drift away from runway. Don did the landing and I just sort of held on to the control for feel, I knew I wasn't exactly a star pupil. For the next few days I learned lots of things but I still had trouble with my landing. I was confident I would get over that in time.

My first stalling was terrifying. While we were doing some flying Don said, 'Let's do the stall, Mark, now. The first thing we must make sure is that we have enough altitude to recover, next we must look all around and under that no aircraft is near; okay our altitude is four thousand feet and there is no aircraft around or under, now pull the throttle back slowly all the way, keep the nose up, up up.' Suddenly stall horn sounded, the plane began to rock and all of sudden the engine became very quiet and the nose went down, almost straight down. At this time I remembered what happened back at home when I and John experienced engine failure. Will the engine start okay? I thought. What a relief it was when the nose went down and Don told me to turn on power and engine roared to life.

'Let's do it again Mark,' Don said, 'climb back to four thousand and you do the stalling this time.' 'Is this necessary?' I wanted to ask but held the words and said to myself of course it was necessary. I push the throttle and the put the plane in climbing position. We did lots of stalling that week, until I was able to do it myself and afterwhile it became exciting instead of terrifying. One afternoon after couple of landings and take offs Don told me to stop and as I did so, he unbuckled his seat belt, opened the door and got out and he said. 'I think you can do pretty well alone Mark, do three landings and come back'. He paused for few second and said: 'Have fun.' With those words he closed the door and walked away slowly. I felt like calling him back to do one more with me, but I smiled and went down toward the runway.

As I went down toward runway I checked the instruments carefully, oil pressure and temperature: normal. Gas: three quarter full. Flaps: up. Trim: on take-off position. Mags: on both. Gyro: set. Controls: free. Traffic: clear. Here we go. I opened the power, keep the plane straight, watch the speed, 40, 60, 80, pull the control easy, that's it, we are off. This was my first solo flight, the one I had waited months for. Now at last here I was alone, it was good.

This was the day I shall always remember.

One day I received a letter from my wife and she was saying she'd like to come down to visit me if I have money to send for her, she also said our son is always asking when I would come home and when there is a plane landing he would ask his mother if I was on that. Greatly touched by this I made a long distance call to Resolute and told my wife to come. I had saved eight hundred dollars before I went south and was saving that for security but I thought if all that money does not bring happiness it was no good to us, then I decided using that money to bring my family down would be worthwhile.

Reservation was made and plan was settled. I was to meet my wife and son in Toronto. And that's just what I did. Seeing them again after two month was most joyful thing in the world. This was my wife's first trip to south and we decided to stay in Toronto for the weekend to see the city. We went to the top of city hall, toured the central station, went to dozens of big stores. That was memorable tour.

That same week I took my written exams in London, Ontario, and I passed the exams. After the exam and flight test it was mostly play with my family. We had a great time on the beach of Goderich.

I had wanted to stay on and go on for commercial licence but there were some problems that I couldn't ignore. Having spent all her life in the north, my wife couldn't stand the heat. When temperature rose above

Summer flying over northern Baffin Island.

eighty, she began to complain about headache and we had to spend great deal of time in the water at the beach. Secondly she want to go home to our other children who were staying with my mother, and I couldn't let her spend the winter in our trailer again without improving the heating. On previous winter our small trailer was damaged and needs a lot of repairing. We had spent last two months of winter in cold trailer and on some mornings we would wake up with our teeth rattling. For this reason I had to go home with only private pilot licence. But we had an agreement I would return in two weeks and continue my training for commercial.

Once again I returned to Goderich to continue the training. But once again problem arose. One night as I was about to go to bed the phone rang and my landlady and her husband was out in the barn. I picked the phone.

'Hello, I have long distance call for Mr Markoosie,' the operator said. My heart jumped. Has something happened? Accident? Fire? Death? 'Yes, this is Markoosie speaking.' It was my wife, her voice was clear, I knew she was crying as she talked. It had happened as many husbands secretly fear every time they go on a trip. We talked for only few minutes, that was all I needed, I told her I would come on the next plane.

I stayed all winter at home and worked in our store. Spring came again and the date was set for me to go to the south and learn about commercial pilot. When the time came for me to go again I told them to take my son out where he won't see me go, I was sure he would cry and try to come. That memory haunted me during my course for private pilot. Few days later I was back in Goderich, with people I had accepted as my friends and who had accepted me. Having friends when you are away from home is a most important thing to me. It makes me feel I was just one of thousands of Canadian citizens and not the poor Eskimo from far away north.

Training for commercial was hard, took many hours of studying, practising, but again it wasn't impossible. There is no easy road to success, everybody knows that but most of all the Eskimos. White man's way can be learned by Eskimo if he is given time and understanding. I had those. Like most people all he needs is education and today he has every opportunity to get that. But the Eskimo also has pride, and a white man must understand that to be able to get along with him.

Today thousands of Eskimos are getting education, mostly young people. In most communities throughout north, you will see many Eskimos who drive trucks, cooks, plumbers, electricians.

For commercial licence it took three month and two hundred hours of flying, one hundred forty eight of it as a pilot in command before I took my flight test. Most interesting part of training is flying in the night alone. In the evening the sky becomes clear and there is no turbulence, you can see for miles. On my first night flight solo I felt nervous naturally. Once again the thought came: What would I do if engine fails during climb? What action would I take at this time? Would I take correct action? All these questions went through my mind on my first night flying. I felt little scared but once again faith put me on the right track. 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world,' and 'Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is always with thee wherever thou goest.'

After almost three months, I was told I am ready to take written exams, I went to Toronto for that, with my friend Jim who was taking engineer licence exam. Next day we heard the results, we both passed the exams.

Flight test was next and I was told I would take it right in Goderich, but the day I was to take the test the weather decided to turn for the worse, and to my disappointment they couldn't do it that day. Then I was told I would have to go to Toronto Island for that. I went to Toronto and I shall remember the sight. Hundreds of jets passed few miles off west of me, I saw the city from the air. And learned how they operate in the big cities controlling the traffic.

Then I learned I would take my flight test in Windsor. That day me and Don went to Wallaceburg to pick up the plane. It was raining and Windsor was reporting thunderstorm over the city. As we neared Wallaceburg we could see thunderstorm approaching fast. We landed at our destination just as first rain hit the town. We didn't waste time and he took off ahead of me; the plane I took didn't have radio so Don told me to follow him and keep him in sight. But fifteen minute later rain hit hard and I lost the sight of him. Now I was on my own, as I looked back I could see the storm coming behind me; this was the time I felt like I was riding a turtle with the rabbit fast approaching behind me. After flying through low clouds for few minutes I came to the clearing and I was in good visual flight condition but with the storm right behind me, but like a tale, turtle won the race.

That morning as I headed for Windsor for flight test I asked myself many questions. Was I ready for test? Would I pass? Is my flying under the hood good enough? I would get the answer before the day is over. Upon

landing I went to Gordon Airways where I was to meet my flight examiner. I was told the man I was to meet has not arrived yet. For an hour I paced back and forth nervously, then he arrived. Then we sat while he was checking through my log book, my private pilot licence, my medical certificate. At last he said, 'Let's go'.

We went to the aircraft and we spent about ten minute while he asked me dozens of questions. Then we climbed to the airplane, I had never been so nervous all my life. But as I start the engine, things became routine. I try to imagine this man was Don. That helped a little. As we taxi out I was no longer nervous, after all I had gone through this for almost three month now. Why should I be nervous? This man just wants to make sure I have ability to be a pilot, and if I'm not ready he will tell me so, and if I'm good enough I will pass. These thoughts went through my head as we taxi out. We got the clearance and took off. Once off the runway, I felt nervous again. Watch your speed, I said to myself, trim the plane and relax. For the next one hour we went through all tests, sometimes I relaxed but that nervousness always seemed to come back. Then flight test was over.

As we headed back I wondered how well I had done. Then we got back to Gordon Airways and stopped the engine. Then he gave me a friendly slap in the back and said, 'Well done, you just passed the test.' At hearing this word I wanted to tell the world about my passing a flight test. After taking off to Goderich I wanted to sing to my microphone and tell everyone within hearing range about my passing test, but I didn't.

In airport I called all my friends about the good news, and that same evening I called long distance to my wife. She was overjoyed, from the sound of her voice I knew she was crying, but it was tears of joy this time. I told her I would come home on the next plane because they could send my licence through the mail. On arriving home I tried to kiss my son but he had grown shy and kept running away. He had learned to talk real well.

Then every mail day I waited for my licence to come. Weeks went by into two months and still no licence. I went to our Area Administrator and ask him to find out why. Some three weeks later we got the answer. The letter says the DOT hasn't got my medical report and my electrocardiogram tracing and can't send my licence until they have it. Also almost at the same time I got letters from Goderich that says since I had my ECG tracing during postal strike, that tracing was lost in the mail and I would have to get another one.

I went away again and got my medical and tracing. Another month passed, I finally got the licence. As I said before, it was hard struggle not only in training but getting a licence.

I still feel I have long way to go, but I have succeeded at something which not too many Eskimos have done and I'm proud of that. Whenever I travel I get congratulations and they wish me luck on my career. Some of them simply shake my hands and just say 'well done'. I know

ROSS TAYLOR

In winter a plane rests on the sea ice at Arctic Bay.

what they mean. To these people, I represent Eskimo people and prove for them even the Eskimo can do things which only white men were believed able to do.

I have greatest respect for the pilots who flew in the north, their bravery and knowledge has opened up the north when there was little aid available for weather forecast and radio aids. The bush pilot may operate for entire season without seeing an airfield or a weather chart, they're not carrying hundreds of passengers on one trip like airlines do but their responsibility is just as heavy and their chance to survive if ever forced down in the barren lands is dim. From the survival books we have read, some of us who do any flying over the north reckon we have pretty good idea what to do if our aircraft comes down, but the survival book doesn't tell us how to beat the temperature that comes down as low as sixty below, but the bush pilot flies on because he is needed and he has ability to do his job.

A new age is beginning in the north, an age that may well be said to owe its existence to aircraft and a handful of operators. Based at Resolute some six hundred miles north of Arctic Circle, Atlas Aviation which I work for flies both scheduled and charter services into vast and largely uninhabited area. And the temperature which goes as low as sixty below gives no mercy to the aircraft and the men. When the weather is that cold we have to use the heaters and warm the engines for an hour and start the engine, everything you touch is like ice and gives you a frost bite. Flying charter services in support of exploration operations, Atlas pilots must seek out landing spots on the snow or ice and rough beaches or on top of two thousand foot mountains. Despite the inhospitable terrain, geologists are pushing their explorations further north into the arctic islands lured by major mineral deposits. In their search they will rely more than ever before on the help of aircraft and of the pilots who have developed the special skills required to fly in the north.

It is now more than ten years since I saw that movie which started me thinking about aviation as a career. And the title of that movie was: God is my Co-pilot. •

IN MEMORY OF MUNGO MARTIN

On a sombre September day last year, many words rang out across a quiet graveyard. More than a thousand people listened as a score of Kwakiutl chiefs extolled the memory of Mungo Martin, one of the great men of their nation. To witness this moving and sincere ceremony was to know without question the great love these people held for him as they gathered to attend the raising of a commemorative pole.

The entire ceremony was carried on in the Kwakiutl language and although many of those present could not understand the words, the message was unmistakable. After the graveside ceremony the people assembled at the Nimpkish Band council hall for more speeches and food. At this time English was used for the benefit of visitors and here it was referred to on many occasions as the 'foreign' tongue. For this day at least these people of Alert Bay had gone back into time, back to the ceremonial dignity of their forefathers; it was a wonderful feeling, one that would not easily be forgotten.

About seven in the evening, people of the village, guests and visitors gathered for another ceremony, the custom of name-giving, a more lively occasion than the earlier events of the day. The dance house, outwardly modern, was traditional inside, with carved columns and painted screens, an impressive sight enhanced by the blazing open fire in the centre of the earth floor. Here, for hours, drummers pounding on a single tapered cedar log set the rhythm for the songs of mourning, for the name-giving, and the dances. After the ceremonies were over the gifts of the feast were piled in the centre of the floor, to be distributed among the assembled guests. First a gift of money was made to all relatives of the host family, a substitute for the valuables given in former times.

This Kwakiutl celebration was the pageantry of a people steeped in tradition, evidence that ceremonial observance and attire had not been relegated to the past but, like the spirit of Mungo Martin, would live on.

BY ANTHONY CARTER

At Alert Bay, Vancouver Island, a memorial pole is raised honouring the late Chief Mungo Martin who died in 1962. It was designed and carved by his son-in-law, Henry Hunt, a skilful traditional craftsman.

In the group gathered to listen to the speeches are Chief Thomas Hunt wearing Chilkat blanket and abalone-inlaid headdress with ermine mantle, Chief James Sewid with bird mask, and button blanket, and ceremonial apron, holding the talking stick, and Chief William Scow in raincoat.

The figures or crests depicted on the pole, and the accompanying legends, are the property of Mungo Martin's family. Each of the four crests was described by one of the Kwakiutl chiefs at the ceremony: James Sewid of the Mamalilikula, James King of the Hakwamees, Thomas Hunt of the Fort Rupert Kwakiutl, and Peter B. Smith of the Tlawitsis of Turnour Island.

At the top of the pole is Kolus, mythical Thunderbird, which founded a lineage from which Mungo's father, a Kwiksutainuk of Gilford Island descended. Next is Tseakami (Cedar Man), another crest owned by Mungo's father, shown emerging from the tree holding a talking stick and a copper. Next is Gwawina (Raven) which was transferred to Mungo's son by marriage. At the bottom is Tsonoqua (Wild Woman of the Woods), a crest acquired by Mungo through his wife Abayah.

The Iroquois

Text by E. S. ROGERS

Drawing by LEE UPDIKE

THE IROQUOIS or *ho-de-no-sau-nee* originally occupied territory between the Hudson Valley and Lake Erie in New York State. But after the American Revolution many moved to southern Ontario. They spoke an Iroquoian language as did some of their neighbours; the Huron, Tobacco, Neutral, Susquehanna, and Nottaway.

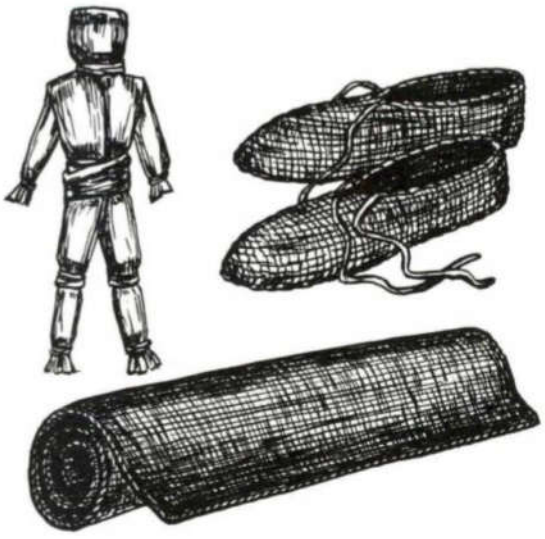
Around 1600, the Iroquois are reported to have numbered 16,000. They formed a league of five tribes, the Mohawk, Onondaga, Oneida, Cayuga and Seneca, a democratic political system. Each tribe was composed of several matrilineal clans. Chiefs, elected by the matrons from certain families within each clan of each tribe, ruled.

The country of the Iroquois is relatively flat or rolling, although in the east rise the Adirondack Mountains. The Mohawk River is the major drainage system of the region. Throughout are a number of lakes and bordering the early home of the Iroquois on the north and west are Lakes Ontario and Erie. Climatic conditions during the winter are moderate although snowfall can at times be heavy. Summers are long and hot. Precipitation is approximately forty inches annually. The natural environment was diversified. The country was clothed with deciduous trees such as maple, birch, oak, hickory, basswood, ash, elm and beech; conifers were pine, hemlock and spruce. Shrubs, berry bushes and various herbaceous plants grew throughout the area. Wild life was abundant: moose, deer, beaver, opossum, otter, skunk, fox, muskrat, woodchuck, bobcat, rabbit, raccoon, porcupine, bear, and many smaller mammals. Waterfowl migrated through the area during the spring and fall and some stayed to nest. In addition, turkeys, grouse and passenger pigeons frequented the area. The lakes contained numerous species of fish such as pike, pickerel, sturgeon, trout, whitefish, sunfish, suckers, eel, smelt, bass, and perch.

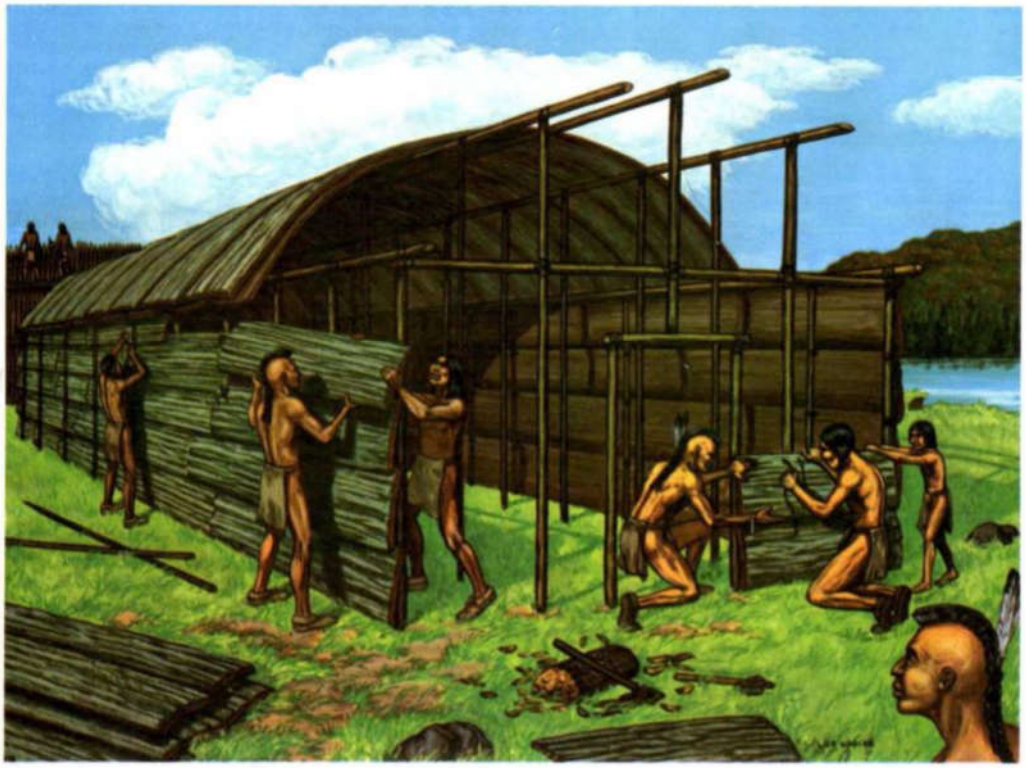
Although the Iroquois utilized many of the natural resources, they were primarily horticulturists. They grew fifteen or more distinct varieties of maize, some sixty varieties of beans and about eight varieties of native squash. By cultivating crops, the Iroquois were able to lead a much more settled mode of existence than many Canadian Indians who depended upon hunting and fishing for subsistence. Their permanent villages, five to ten acres in extent were located on the banks of rivers and lakes or by springs. These were compact settlements, often stockaded, surrounded by several hundred acres of cultivated land subdivided into plots belonging to different families.

Each village might contain as many as one hundred longhouses, although this was no doubt exceptional. A longhouse was fifty to one hundred and thirty feet in length and sixteen feet wide. Inside were partitions at intervals of ten to twelve feet on each side with fires in a line down the centre between each pair of compartments. A large house might contain twenty families related through the women. A longhouse had a pole frame, arched roof, and was covered with elm or ash-bark sheets with the rough side out. Poles were placed on the outside to hold the bark in place. In the roof, openings were left for the escape of the smoke. There was a door at each end with a hide or bark covering.

The Iroquois followed a well defined yearly cycle, marked by the periodic performance of various rituals.



Corn husk doll, moccasins and mat of braided corn husks.



After a decade of cultivation, the Iroquois moved their villages to provide new soil for their crops.

They were an extremely religious people, and held six major festivals in the course of the year.

With the advent of spring, the Iroquois collected maple sap and fished. When the sap began to flow, the Maple Ceremony was performed in all the villages. Several days before the actual ceremony, the people assembled to confess their sins, an act that preceded all festivals. The intent was to encourage the later making of amends. Wampum was held by the one who was confessing to ensure sincerity. If this were not done, the rite would be of no avail.

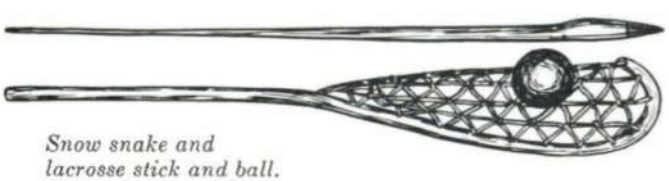
The Maple Ceremony lasted but one day. Speeches were made, followed by dances. The latter were a prominent part of all religious festivals and considered an appropriate mode of worship. Drums and rattles formed the musical accompaniment. A special dance, the Great Feather Dance, was performed by a select group of individuals. Other dances followed and then a thanksgiving address was made to the Great Spirit during which tobacco was burnt. A closing speech followed by a feast terminated the ceremony.

At the maple groves, the sap was collected in bark boxes and boiled down in metal kettles acquired through trade with the Europeans. Previously, the Iroquois used pottery vessels presumably for boiling down sap and certainly for cooking. Besides the bark vessels for collecting sap, there were many other forms for various purposes.

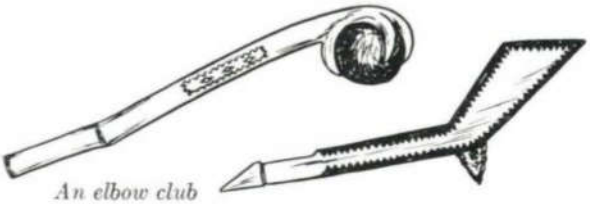
For fishing, the Iroquois used several devices. One was a conical basket trap about three feet in length, fifteen inches in diameter at the mouth and six inches at the small end. The trap was partially submerged in the rapids of a stream and the fish directed by means of a stick toward the larger end. When a fish had entered, the basket was quickly removed to secure the fish. In addition, the Iroquois had gill nets of nettle fibre, weirs, spears, hooks, and fish poisons.

As summer approached the Iroquois made preparations to plant their crops. The men cleared new land of trees and burnt the debris. New land had to be frequently prepared because of soil exhaustion. After about ten to fifteen years, no new land was available nearby and the village had to be moved. Once the land was prepared, the women did the planting and tending of the crops, using digging sticks and hoes. At this time, a Planting Ceremony was performed. It lasted one day and was similar to the Maple Ceremony. If later a drought occurred, a special council was called to invoke the Thunderer. Tobacco was laid on a fire by a Keeper of the Faith, a religious practitioner, and invocations made to this spirit requesting rain.

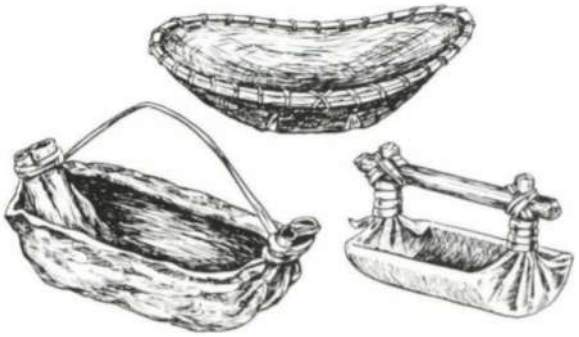
Summer was a time of leisure, when council meetings could be held, religious rituals performed, warfare undertaken and sports, such as lacrosse, enjoyed. One summer ritual was the Strawberry Ceremony, a thanks for the



Snow snake and lacrosse stick and ball.

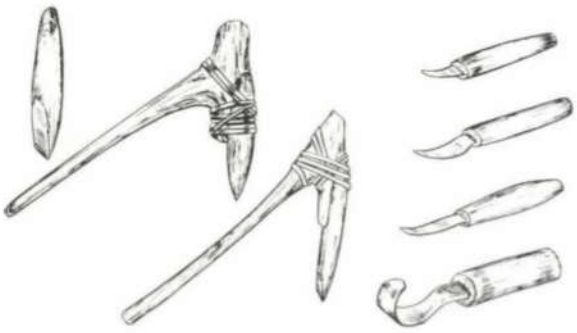


An elbow club and ball-headed club.



Baskets of bark and wood.

Pottery jars; a wooden dish and spoon.



Adzes and a variety of crooked knives.

Rattles made from a tortise shell, gourd and horn, drum and a small corn husk mask.

first fruits. It was similar to the Maple Ceremony and was concluded with a feast of strawberries prepared with maple sugar.

Maize, referred to as 'our life' or 'our supporters', was the staple food of the Iroquois and they grew enough for all of their wants. As the crops began to mature, they held the Green Corn Ceremony, a general thanksgiving for the ripening of the maize, beans and squash. The festival lasted for four days during which the Great Feather Dance and a thanksgiving dance were performed. Set speeches introduced the latter dance. The same speeches were given at the Harvest Ceremony and formed the principal part of the annual thanksgiving address to the Great Spirit made at the burning of the white dog during the Mid-Winter Ceremony. At the end of each day, a feast of succotash made of maize, beans and squash was given. Grace always was said before each feast. The fourth and final day of the Green Corn Ceremony was concluded by playing the peach stone game.

Summer was the time to conduct raids, an activity that became especially important after the arrival of the Europeans and the development of the fur trade. Theoretically, war was declared by a council of chiefs at Onondaga or by an individual tribe. A state of war was indicated by a tomahawk, painted red and ornamented with red feathers, stuck in a 'war post' found in each village. Any person was at liberty to organize a war party. The warriors carried bows and arrows although the Iroquois were expert at close-in fighting, using a ball-headed or elbow club. For protection, a wooden shield was carried and armour made of sticks or reeds laced together with buckskin thongs was worn. Surprise attacks were the rule. The intent was not so much to kill the enemy as to take captives. Prisoners might be adopted by the captor's group. They were never exchanged nor did the Iroquois retrieve their own who had been captured.

Besides raiding, summer was a time for trading and some hunting. Long trips were made in elm-bark canoes. Dugout canoes were also constructed with the aid of crooked knives and adzes. Food taken on these journeys was parched and pounded maize mixed with maple sugar.

In the fall, when the crops had matured, a Harvest Ceremony, a general thanksgiving lasting four days and much like the Green Corn Ceremony, was held. The crops were then gathered and stored for the winter. Dried maize and beans were packed in bark barrels which were placed in the corners of the houses. Maize was also buried in pits lined with bark. The corn husks were saved and later made into masks, mats, and dolls. Deer and other meats were cached in the same manner as maize except that the pits were first lined with deerskins.

During the fall, small parties left the villages to hunt and visit particular areas such as the Niagara Peninsula, a favourite place for securing beaver. The principal game taken was deer, elk, moose, bear, and the larger birds. Still hunting was a major technique but bear were sometimes tracked. They also had traps for bear and nets for

birds. A springpole snare was used for deer. In addition, a chute was sometimes erected. The deer were driven into the wide end with the aid of fire and shot with arrows as they came out the narrow end of the chute. The Iroquois did not use dogs in hunting as some other groups did. Once snow covered the ground, travel was by snowshoes. The hunters lived in conical lodges covered with bark. During January the hunting parties, which had been widely scattered, returned to their villages in time for the Mid-Winter Ceremony.

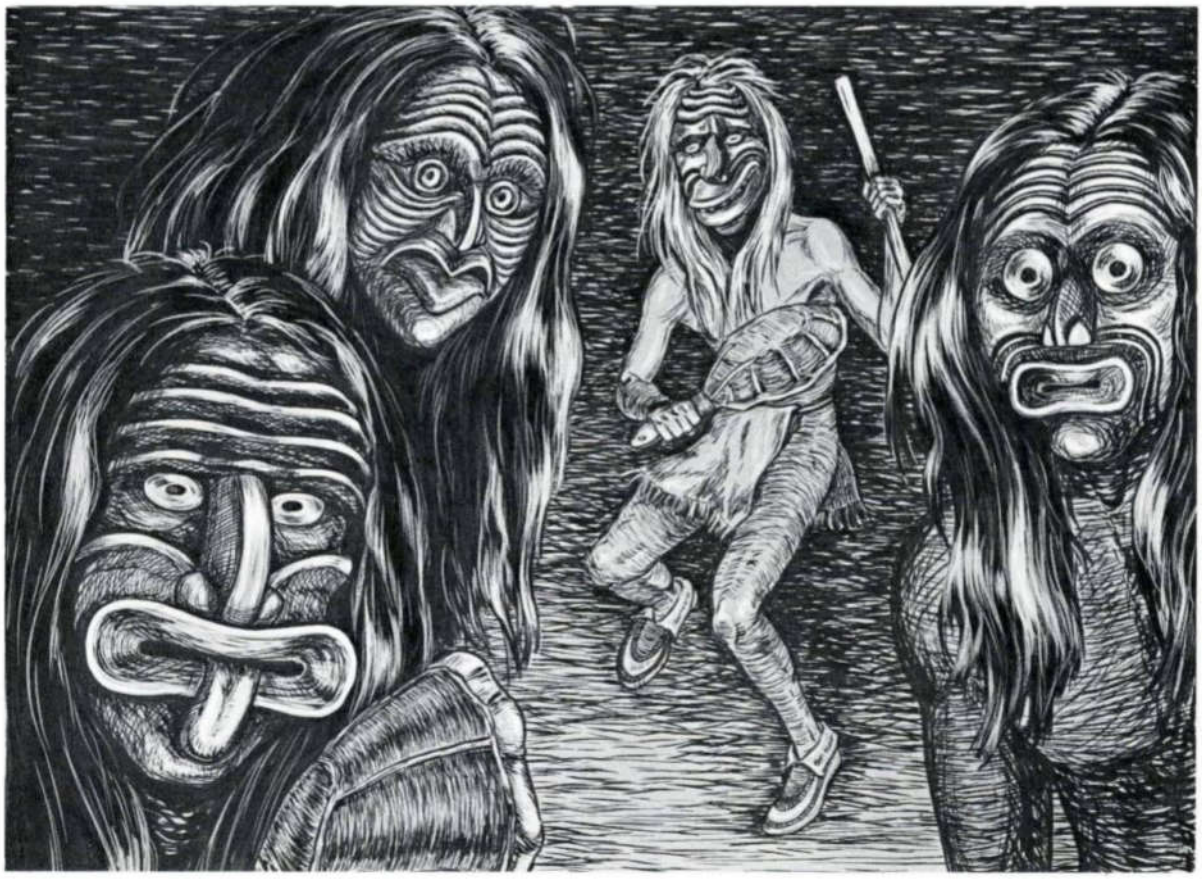
The Mid-Winter Ceremony, held about the first of February and lasting seven days, marked the end of the old year and the beginning of the new. As with other ceremonies, the people assembled several days before hand to confess their sins. Confessions at this time were the most thorough of any made during the year.

On the first day of the Mid-Winter Ceremony, two Keepers of the Faith dressed in bearskins or buffalo robes and painted by the matrons visited all houses in the village morning and evening and addressed the occupants. A white dog was strangled, but without breaking any bones or shedding any blood. White symbolized purity and faith. Afterwards, the carcass was decorated with spots of red paint, ornamented with feathers and a string of white wampum hung around its neck. The carcass was then suspended by the neck about eight feet from the ground on a pole. Here it remained until the morning of the fifth day when it was taken down and burned, a prominent feature of the Mid-Winter Ceremony. Many other events occurred during this period. The Corn Husk performers and the False Faces who carried turtle shell rattles conducted their rituals. Also it was appropriate at this time to play the snow snake game.

Following the Mid-Winter Ceremony, the Iroquois engaged in few activities. It was a time of leisure until the arrival of spring when the Maple Ceremony would inaugurate another round of seasonal activities.

Although the Iroquois have changed greatly in many ways since the coming of the Europeans, they have, in some ways, held on tenaciously to certain aspects of their culture and still exalt their past. They have retained to this day the faith of their ancestors through the Longhouse Religion. Nevertheless, they are realists and have become deeply involved with Euro-Canadian society. Well known for their work in high steel, they should be equally appreciated for the noted magistrates, doctors, geologists, and teachers they have given Canada and who have served her well. ◆

Masked dancers of the False Face Society who treated the sick and drove away the demons of disease.



From Red River to the Columbia

The Story of a Migration

by William J. Betts of Tacoma, Washington

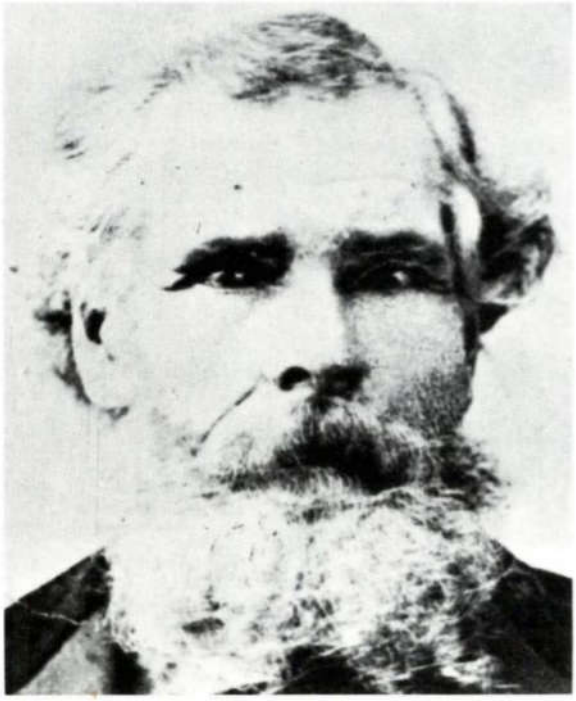
THE NAME OF FLETT is very prominent around the city of Tacoma as one of the largest dairies in the county. But Flett, as a person seems rather remote, an early pioneer who had migrated to the Puget Sound country during the nineteenth century.

In some old history books John Flett was mentioned several times in connection with the Red River emigration to Puget Sound sponsored by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1841. He was said to have written a newspaper sketch about his experience.

A search through several volumes of the old Tacoma *Daily Ledger* revealed the article in question. Here was a first hand account of the episode.

Arrangements had been made by Chief Factor Duncan Finlayson that twenty-three families of settlers from the Red River Colony should move to the Columbia District. They were put under the charge of James Sinclair, the son of an H B C officer from the Orkneys and a Cree mother, who, after being educated in Edinburgh, had gone into business as a merchant in Red River. Early in June 1841 the party of men, women and children, with carts, horses, cattle, and dogs, had left the colony on their long journey to the west coast.

John Flett in the 1860s, from a photograph owned by his grand-daughter.



Dr W. F. Tolmie mentions meeting the Red River migration in his diary. He writes: 'Friday, June 11: Fort Garry—Red River. Crossed another river requiring swimming. On Wednesday morning at White Mud Creek met a party of Red River Settlers, so far on their migration to the Columbia. Breakfasted with one of them, Charles Mackay a highland halfbreed, and were hospitably regaled with cold ham, Veal steaks, bread, butter & tea with milk fresh from the cow. Found this an agreeable change from Pemmican. The party consisted of 23 families, or 110 or 120 souls, they were well supplied with horses & two or three carts pr family also some Oxen & milch cows (3). I regretted their having so few cattle as their breed is superior to that of the Walamet, & for one of their cows, they might have had two or three of the California breed. They were of course inquisitive about the Columbia & we satisfied them on most points—their women & children looked cleanly & all either spoke french or English. Judging from what I saw they will be quite an acquisition to the Walamet for there they must inevitably go, altho' their agreement or contract with the Coy states the Cowlitz to be their destination. On the evening of Wednesday encamped along with some people bound from R.R. for Fort Ellice, & entertained at our homely supper Mr. James Sinclair, a half-breed, R. R. Farmer, hastening to overtake the Columbia party of which he had the command.' Dr Tolmie, at the time, was on his way back to England on leave.

In comparing the writings of John Flett with references to the Sinclair party by George Simpson, Dr Tolmie, and other Company officers, for the most part the dates and events correspond. This would lead one to believe that the author used old diaries or journals kept on the journey.

John was born on 5 August 1815 to George and Peggy Flett in Rupert's Land where his father was employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the Cumberland District. In 1822 the Fletts moved to the Selkirk Settlement on the Red River. John lived there until 1836, when he went to a tiny village at the present site of St Paul, Minnesota, and from there he moved on to the growing city of Chicago where he worked for about a year as a brick-layer. In 1837 he returned to Rupert's Land, working as a blacksmith, interspersed with hunting and trapping.

In 1841, when he was twenty-six years of age, John Flett joined the Red River emigrants on their journey to the Columbia. With him were three brothers, William, James and David, all younger than John. There was also a sister but whether she was among the emigrants is not known, though she did join her brothers on the coast.

As many diarists and keepers of journals were in the habit of doing, John Flett minimized the hazards and perils encountered on his travels west. Perhaps this was due to a natural reticence to talk or write about experiences considered by him to be merely routine. He was among people willing to leave the comparative security of their Red River farms for an unknown future in an unknown land. The hardships encountered were taken as a matter of course, something to be endured to reach their goal.

When John Flett writes, 'We reached the South branch a few miles above where it joins the Saskatchewan. The crossing was a difficult and dangerous work,' he leaves much to the imagination. Then he describes in his matter-of-fact way how some of the party nearly lost their lives. And the time when he and his brother were surrounded by Cree war parties and had to swim for their lives. Dangerous work! An event that stood out in John Flett's memory like a mile-post yet is barely mentioned.

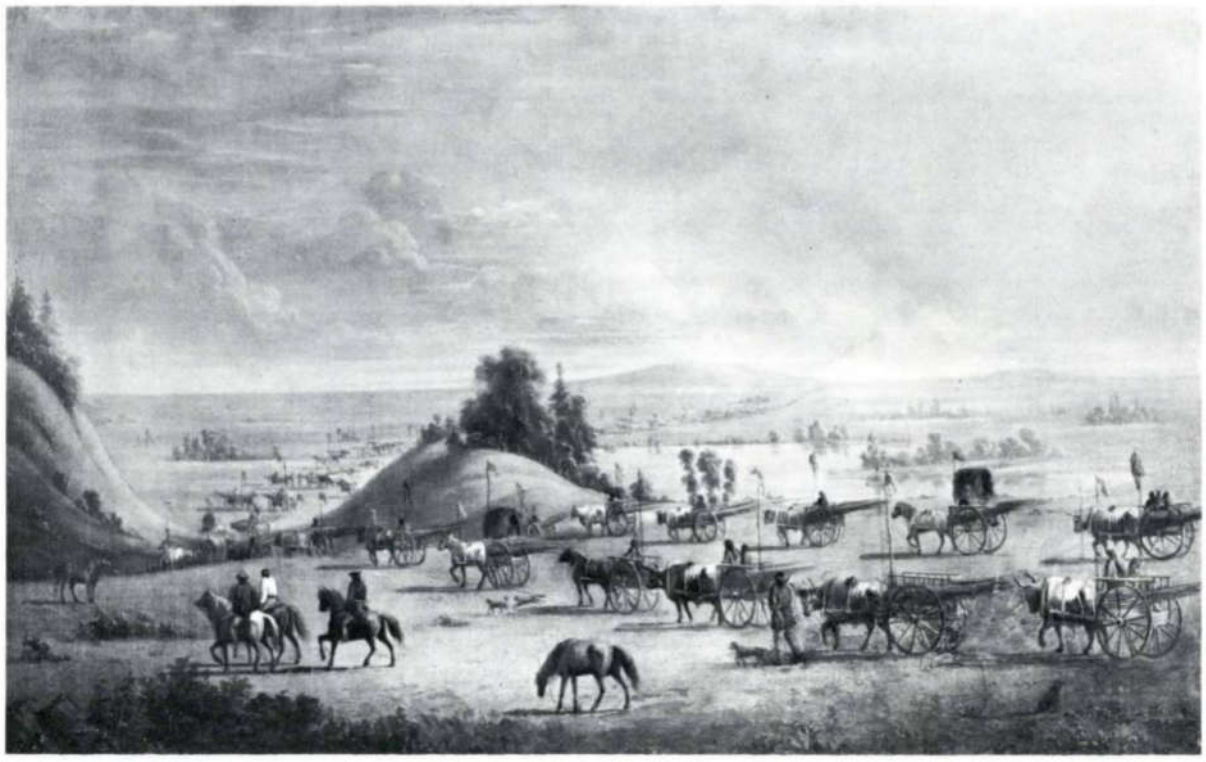
Many dangers must have been encountered that he does not write about. The swarms of insects that must have plagued them at times; the threat of prairie fires; stampeding buffalo; hunger, perhaps thirst. Were these such every-day matters that he does not bother to mention them when writing of his experiences years later?

The carts used by the emigrants were the Red River carts that evolved from those about which Alexander Henry the Younger wrote in 1801: 'Men go again for meat, with small carts, the wheels of which are one solid piece, sawed off the ends of trees whose diameter is three feet. Those carriages we find more convenient and advantagous than it is to load horses, the country being so smooth and level that we can use them in every direction.' Spoked wheels had taken the place of solid ones and the carts being made entirely of wood could be repaired along the way. The hubs were greaseless as dust adhering to the axles would soon wear them out. The rubbing of wood against wood produced a high piercing shriek that could be heard miles away and must have frayed the nerves of the travellers. The Indians would be warned long in advance of an approaching caravan.

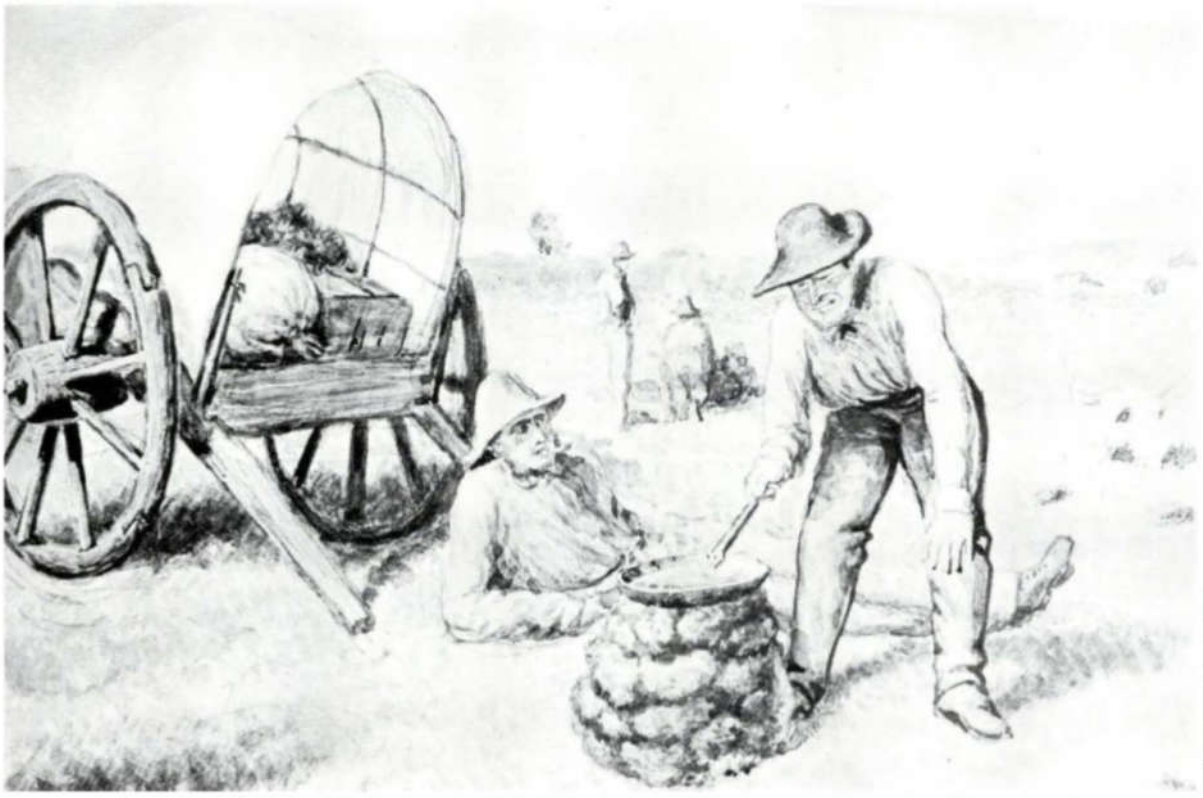
The emigration of the Red River people was the first time that the Company had attempted to settle farmers in the Columbia Department. Retired employees sometimes remained on small plots of land near the Cowlitz Farm or Fort Nisqually but no attempt had been made to bring families into the country for land settlement.

The actual purpose of the emigration was twofold: to relieve the over-population of the Red River Settlement and to encourage British settlement in the Oregon country north of the Columbia River. As a dispatch to Duncan Finlayson (quoted in Hudson's Bay Record Society Volume VI) puts it: '. . . we hope that so favourable a report may be given by those settled there as will induce others to follow: this will not only relieve the Red

The travellers used oxen, horses and Red River carts, as did these buffalo hunters setting out from Fort Garry in a painting by Paul Kane.



ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

A sketch by W. G. R. Hind, who travelled the prairies some twenty years after the Flett migration.

River Settlement of its surplus population, but strengthen the claims of Great Britain to the Territory, and the increase of the British population in that quarter must operate to the benefit of the Nation whenever a division of the country takes place.'

At the time of the migration, the Oregon country was still under the jurisdiction of the joint occupation agreement of the Convention of 1818 which held that either nation would be free to settle citizens on the land without invalidating any claim to the territory.

The plan failed because the country in which the Company hoped to settle the Red River people was not suitable for farming. The Willamette River Valley, with its rich black soil, was too much of a temptation to these farmers.

Dr McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver reported that in the summer following their arrival, ten of the settlers at Nisqually, including James, John, and David Flett, had left and gone to the Falatine Plains south of the Columbia, followed shortly by the remaining seven. 'The fact is,' he wrote, 'from the first moment I saw them, after their arrival from Red River, from their manner of speaking, I felt convinced they were desirous of going to the Wallamette, and though the Wallamette is a finer country for tillage than Nisqually, still beyond a doubt they might have made themselves comfortable, and independent by raising stock at Nisqually and their accounts will shew, that every indulgence was allowed them that could be possibly made to induce them to remain.'

By the summer of 1843 the Governor and Committee in London were aware that their experiment had been frustrated by the settlers leaving the Puget Sound Agricultural Company lands at Cowlitz and Nisqually for the Willamette and decreed 'we do not think it advisable to burden the fur trade with the expence of transporting any more to the same quarter'.

It was in 1885 that the *Ledger* published John Flett's 'Sketch of the Emigration from Selkirk's Settlement to Puget Sound in 1841' that follows.

* * *

An agreement was entered into by Duncan Fenelen, acting governor of the Hudson's Bay Company [Chief Factor Duncan Finlayson, Governor of Assiniboia], on the one side, and a party of immigrants on the other, to the following effect:

That the company should furnish as captain James Sinclair, Esq.; should also furnish each head of a family ten pounds sterling in advance (which all accepted but A. Buxton and John Flett) also, goods for the journey, and horses and provisions at the forts on the route as needed; and on the arrival at Puget Sound the company should furnish houses, barns and fenced fields, with fifteen cows, one bull, fifty ewes, one ram, and oxen or horses, with farming implements and seed. On the other

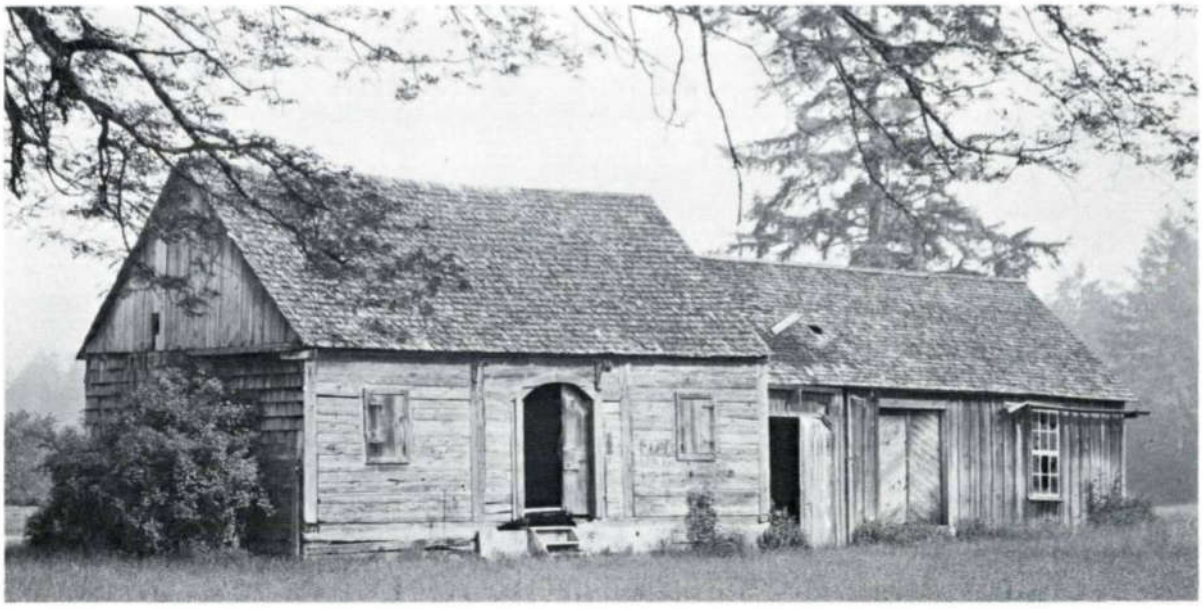
part, it was agreed that the farmers should deliver to the company one-half of the crops yearly for five years. And at the end of five years one half the increase of the flocks.

To this agreement twenty-three heads of families appended their names. White Horse Plains, about fifteen miles west of Fort Garrey [*sic*], at the junction of the Red and Assinaboine [*sic*] rivers, was appointed as the rendezvous, and on the fourth of June, 1841, our twenty-three families, containing eighty persons all told, were assembled, with about fifty carts, seven oxen, two cows and sixty horses. On the morning of the 5th of June we broke camp, and, turning our backs on the rising sun, plunged into the wilderness. Our route lay along the north bank of the Assinaboine. We crossed the Mouse and Qu'Appelle rivers, and then turning north past Fort Pelly started for Saskatchewan. On this vast plain we met our first buffalo, immense herds being seen feeding on the rich grasses of the valley. Here Mr. James Bird overtook us and became our guide. In this region we also met Doctor Tolmie and his party from the Columbia, and were passed by Sir George Simpson, on his tour around the world.

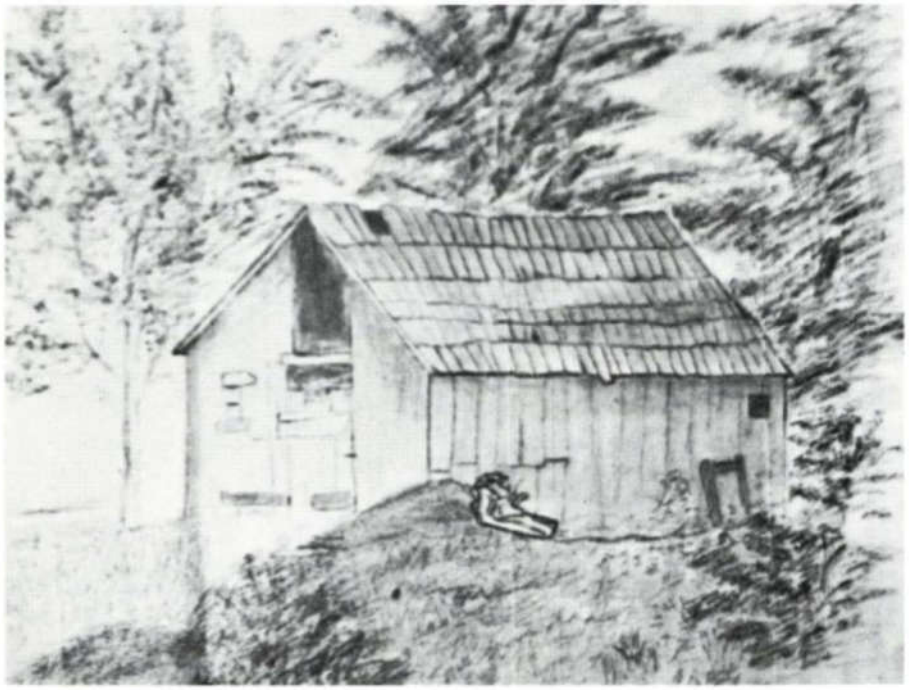
We reached the South branch a few miles above where it joins the Saskatchewan. The crossing was a difficult and dangerous work. The river was about a mile in width. A portion of the party passed safely to a small island in a small boat. The other portion, putting their carts and effects on a huge raft of dry logs, attempted to pole their raft across. The current was very swift; and they soon lost bottom and drifted down at a fearful rate towards the rapids, a short distance below. As they went by the island on which the first party had landed they passed so near that a rope was thrown to them; and, after a long struggle, the raft was secured to the bank. When a crossing was at last effected, we passed on through open country until we arrived, on the 28th of June, at Fort Charlton [Carlton], on the banks of the great Saskatchewan. We secured some horses, replenished our stock of provisions, and on the thirtieth resumed our journey. Dangers were now thickning around us. On the ground over which we were passing a great battle had been fought between the Crees and Blackfeet, the Crees being worsted. We kept men on guard night and day. War parties were on every side. We now began to believe what others had told us, that we should never get through. Still we forced our way on, and on the 10th of July crossed the Saskatchewan river to Fort Pitt. Here we found many wounded Crees, who had fled to the fort for protection. Here we rested for two days, and on the 12th again broke camp, traveling on the north side of the river until we reached Fort Edmonton, on the twentieth, where we recrossed the river. We had traveled far out of our direct route for safety, but now must face the unknown dangers. The region through which we had to pass was fine hunting ground buffalo being very plentiful; and the different tribes—Blackfeet, Assinaboines, Piegans, Crees —were continuously striving for it, many bloody battles being fought.

Moving southward through this region, keeping careful watch for hostiles, we again reached the waters of the South branch on the 30th of July. Here the writer and a younger brother had a narrow escape. While out hunting we were surrounded by hostile Indians. We concealed ourselves until dark, and in the twilight swam the cold swift river. Having stripped off our outer clothing, we fastened it on our horses and plunged in. The water was cold, icy cold, the river was very swift and about two hundred yards wide. Twice we swam the river, and after wandering about for two days at last reached

This granary was new when John Flett arrived at Fort Nisqually in November, 1841. He was probably given seed here for his first planting of grain.



WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



A charcoal sketch of the blacksmith's shop that John Flett had on his land. On the right is a photograph of the Flett farm as it is today. The shop was located where the telephone pole now stands.

camp and safety. Of all the dangers I have seen in pioneer life of fifty years, the dangers of those two days were the worst. We overtook our party encamped at old Fort McLeod, an abandoned post of the H. B. Co., now known as British Pass, or Rocky Mountain. Here we were compelled to abandon our carts and pack our goods on the backs of the oxen and horses. After long debate about what should be taken and what should be left behind, we at last had our train in readiness, and again started on our way. The oxen, however, were unused to the mode of traveling, and, becoming frightened, a stampede ensued. Then what a sight—oxen bellowing, kicking, running; horses neighing, rearing, plunging; children squalling; women crying; men swearing, shouting and laughing; while the air seemed full of blankets, kettles, sacks of pots, pans and jerkied buffalo [dried meat]. At last the cattle were again secured. All our goods that could be found were gathered up, the remnants repacked, and we started.

Crossing the South branch, we entered the timber, sometimes following an Indian trail and sometimes traveling where there was no trail. On the second day after we entered the mountains, James Bird, our guide, bidding adieu to his friends and relations, started on his return. On the 5th of August we reached the summit, and found ourselves on a small plateau. Here we saw a huge snow drift whose melted waters formed three little rills, one running east through a deep canyon, and finding its way through the Saskawatchan [*sic*] into the Hudson's Bay, another running southeast into the Missouri, and at last into the Gulf, while the third sent its waters through those 'continuous woods where rolls the Oregon'. On the ninth day after we entered the Rocky Mountains we emerged on the western side, at the Kootenai plain, then through a belt of timber, and then over the Tobacco prairie. To avoid some marshy land which lay in our course, we climbed the projecting point of a high mountain, said to be one of the Bitter Root range. Then our route lay through a flat, marshy country until we came to a deep, sluggish river, called by the Indians, Paddling river. Then our course lay southeast, through a rich country with plenty of grass until we came to Lake Pend d'Oreille. While traveling along a rocky cliff jutting toward the lake a horse, ridden by one of our women, slipped; and horse and rider rolled into the lake, being rescued with some difficulty. We crossed the lake where it is about one mile in width; and while we were engaged in crossing, our first horse was stolen. Here we left two families, who on account of sickness were unable to proceed further.

We arrived at Fort Walla Walla on the 4th of October. On the next day the fort was burned. Our party assisted the men of the fort to save their goods. The Indians were so numerous that it was not deemed safe to camp there; and so we traveled down the Columbia until midnight. In about four days we arrived at The Dalles, at the Methodist mission, then in charge of Daniel Lee and Mr. Perkins. On the twelfth we crossed the river; there one horse was drowned. When we reached the Cascades we found some boats on which the families, with some of the oldest men, sailed down the river; while the horses and the cattle at Colvile were driven to Vancouver, at which all arrived on the thirteenth.

WILLIAM J. BETTS

There we met Sir George Simpson, Peter Skene Ogden, John McLoughlin and James Douglas; and there Sir George informed us that the company could not keep its agreement. As I remember, this was the substance of his speech: 'Our agreement we cannot fulfill; we have neither horses nor barns nor fields for you; and you are at liberty to go where you please. You may go with the California trappers; and we will give you an outfit as we give others. If you go over the river to the American side we will help you none. If you go to the Cowlitz we will help you some. To those who will go to the Nisqually we will fulfill our agreement.' Of course we were all surprised and hurt at this speech. After some discussion the party divided, some going to California, several families to the Cowlitz Prairie, some to the Willamete valley, and the rest to Nisqually, where we arrived November 8, 1841, having traveled nearly two thousand miles without the loss of a single person, while three children were born on the way.

Upon reaching Nisqually, Captain James Sinclair made a trip on the steamer *Beaver* to Whidby Island, with the view of our settlement on that island. Bras Croche, the Cree guide, who accompanied him on his trip, was asked what he thought of the *Beaver* steamer. 'Don't ask me,' was his reply, 'I cannot speak; my friends will say that I tell lies when I let them know what I have seen. Indians are fools and know nothing; I can see that the iron machinery makes the ship go; but I cannot see what makes the iron machinery itself go.' He was a very intelligent Indian, but so full of doubt and wonder that he would not leave the vessel till he had received a certificate that he had been on board of a ship which required neither sails nor paddles. With this paper he said he could go back to his people, and, although they would not believe him, yet they would give full credence to all that was written. Captain Sinclair, on his return from Whidby Island, went to Colvile and remained that winter. He crossed over to Red river the next season. Returning to the territory, he was subsequently clerk in charge of Fort Walla Walla until the fall of 1855, when it was attacked and robbed by hostile Indians and never afterwards occupied by that company. At the Cascades on Wednesday, March 26, 1856, when the Yakimas attacked that place, being in Bradford's store, he walked to the railroad [*sic*] door to look out and was shot from the bank above and instantly killed.

As the company furnished no houses, each man had to build his own cabin. As no plows could be obtained, John Flett and Charles McKay went to Vancouver after iron to make some plows. They spent Christmas day at the fort, and on their return turned the first furrows which were plowed this side of the Cowlitz. Some seed wheat and some potatoes were furnished, but no teams nor cattle, although they were greatly needed. The writer tried hard to get a cow, either as per agreement or for money, but failed. Some who removed got some wild cows, but no sheep. There was much discontent; and loud murmerings were heard. Several at once left the Sound district in disgust. The Flett brothers left in June, 1842, for the Willamette, more followed in the fall; and at the end of three years all had left, getting nothing for their labor or their improvements.

* * *

This was the end of John Flett's published story of his recollections. In 1842 he moved from Puget Sound to the Willamette Valley in Oregon where he farmed until 1854, when he accepted the position of Indian interpreter for Joel Palmer, the superintendent of Indian Affairs in Oregon. In this capacity he helped negotiate the treaties between various Oregon Indian tribes and the United States. He also was with Palmer as an interpreter in the Walla Walla council in June 1855. During the Indian Wars of 1855-6 he worked with General Palmer in the removal of the Umpquas from southern Oregon to the Grande Ronde.

In 1859 John Flett returned to Washington Territory where he bought a farm at South Prairie. In 1868 he moved again and settled on a farm he purchased near Lakeview, only a few miles from the original location of Fort Nisqually.

John Flett, the emigrant from the Red River Valley, had come full circle. He finally settled upon land that originally belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. He could have settled here nearly thirty years before and raised cattle (it was his son who started the dairy which still flourishes today under other ownership) as advocated by the company. It was on this farm that John Flett died on 12 December 1892, a grand old man liked by all who knew him. ◆

ESKIMOS IN JAPAN

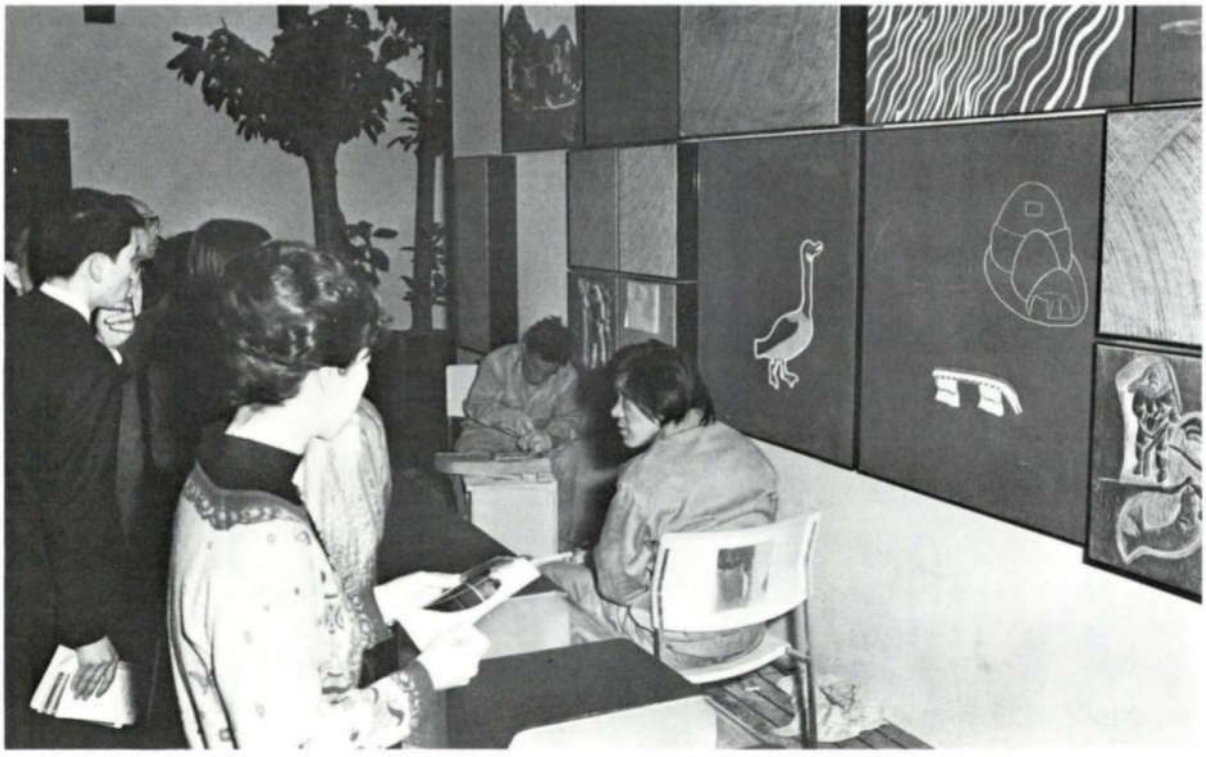
BY KEITH CROWE

A research officer with the government Northern Science Research Group, Keith Crowe, who has a Master's degree in geography, has lived in Indian and Eskimo settlements working in the fields of arctic administration, community development, and adult education.

ON 7 MARCH 1970, our little group stepped from an aircraft into a dark bedlam of whirling snow, clamouring Japaneses newspapermen, and signs saying 'welcome Canadian Eskimos.' So began six months of work and residence in Japan.

Ever since Martin Frobisher's day, Eskimos have occasionally journeyed far from the Arctic. In recent years Canadian *Inuit* have been to Europe, Africa, South America, and Australia. The group who worked at Expo '70, however, were certainly the first Eskimos to live and work for several months in non-arctic Asia. There were twelve of us. Elijah and Ikalik Pudlat, the shy young couple from Cape Dorset, brought with them their small daughter Koitsak and infant son Noovooaliak. Ikalik had had a baby only a week before leaving Baffin Island, but had given the child in Eskimo custom adoption to relatives. Elijah had worked as an artist during the building of Expo '67 in Montreal, and the family were accustomed, if not converted, to urban ways.

Saryu Amitok, in his early thirties, is a handsome and voluble man. At home in Povungnituk he is a gifted sculptor and designer of batik or stonecut prints. Although Saryu has carved during brief exhibitions in southern Canada, he knows little English or French. He left behind his wife and three children, but discovered on the journey to Japan that he and Elijah are related. Pangnerk, at fifty-one, was the oldest of our group. He is tiny and lame, one of the Padlei people who knew frequent starvation before they moved to Eskimo Point. Pangnerk's face is deeply etched by life and weather, and his stark, plane-surfaced carvings are primitive, the best tremendously expressive. Until a few years ago, Paul Toolooktook, a twenty-three-year old artist from Baker Lake, lived in a snowhouse or a tent. He has attended



JOHN TAKAHAMA

Visitors watch Pangnerk and Paul Toolooktook at work in the Canadian Pavilion.

school and speaks a little English, but had never travelled beyond his home region. He acted as interpreter in the beginning between Pangnerk and the rest of us, until we learned each other's dialects. Paul often withdrew into himself when carving, lost in his private world of the Barren Lands as he created his best works, massive stone figures of his people.

My wife Edna and I were asked to accompany the Eskimos to Osaka because we speak Japanese and Eskimo, had dealt with most forms of Eskimo art, and had lived with Eskimos in cities and in the Arctic. Our three daughters Sheila, Kathleen, and Wendy, were with us, making a total 'family' of twelve people. We gathered in Vancouver, stopped briefly at Anchorage, Alaska, then flew over the Aleutians to our new country, where one hundred million people live in a territory roughly the area of Baffin Island.

The apartments that were our homes for six months were part of a new suburb created a year ago, in an area formerly green with bamboo forest. Clumps of bamboo and little lakes still softened the rawness of new apartment blocks, and across the highway a small village complete with rice paddies and temples, formed an enclave of old Japan. Inside, our apartments were furnished western style, but had sliding paper wall panels that could be moved or removed to give space and variety. Some of the occupants 'went Japanese', and replaced their furniture with *tatami* straw matting; *futon* floor-mattresses; incense-burners; lanterns, and so on. In March we were grateful for electric heaters, and later we lived to the hum of air conditioners. We gradually became accustomed to various appliances, to the deep Japanese bath, and to the Beverly Hillbillies on television speaking formal Japanese. After some initial fun and sign-language on both sides, the Eskimos became frequent shoppers at the small village centre and the modern department stores near our homes.

Our apartments were identical, with three bedrooms in each. Elijah's family lived across from me, and later took in a Japanese boarder. Saryu and the other men lived below Elijah. Little Koitsak, like my girls, learned to mingle the words, foods, and customs of several cultures. Above us lived four families from Thailand, very pleasant neighbours. The rest of our building housed young Canadian and Japanese hosts and hostesses working in our pavilion.

Noise was our chief problem—one that came close to wrecking our whole project. By day we heard the traffic of road and railway, Expo-bound. Early and late loudspeakers would bellow instructions at commuters and construction workers. People of many countries, working different hours, would honk car horns, and there were always parties. Eventually we adjusted to four or five hours sleep each night, and were not ruffled on the April evening when we sat outside, our belongings bundled in bedsheets, and watched the other end of our building burn in a fire that luckily took no lives.

JAMES CURRIE

The Pudlat family in Osaka, Ikalik and Elijah with daughter Koitsak and son Noovoaliak.

The western edge of the Expo site was a mile a way from home, and sometimes we walked there through a park and the neat, bright-roofed housing of middle class Japan. The subway, built especially for Expo, was convenient but incredibly crowded during peak hours. Pangnerk was once lost for two hours at the Expo station, and Saryu, unable to push his way to the train door, was taken downtown and returned full of adventures. Sometimes, we took taxis, fairly cheap but driven with blood-curdling speed and recklessness.

Each day the Eskimo sculptors worked in two shifts in the Canadian Pavilion. Little real preparation had been made for the artists, and the planners had thought of 'display Eskimos' rather than of the quality of art to be produced. Gradually the diligence and artistry of the Eskimos won them a firm place in the life of the pavilion. Their carvings became important as gifts to the many heads of state and royalty who toured the building. One of my favourite memories of Pangnerk is of him sitting, feet up on a box, cigarette at a jaunty angle, wearing a bell given him by a wandering hippy. Happily he beamed at a Great Man (quite unknown to him) while all around

Pangnerk, a noted sculptor, made his contribution then forsook the strenuous pace of Expo to return to Eskimo Point.

the area fairly seethed with protocol and security. Pangnerk, though well loved by all, found the frantic atmosphere and physical demands of Expo too much. He returned home late in April loaded with souvenirs. Among other things, he saw his first horse, an R.C.M.P. mount, in Japan. Pangnerk was replaced by James Pootoogook, a young man who had lived in Ottawa for several years while attending school. Although James speaks good English and has adopted some of the characteristics of urban culture, he carves in the tradition of his father at Povungnituk.

A well-known artist from Cape Dorset, Kenojuak, went to Ottawa in November 1968 with her husband Johnnieboo and three children. There, on contract, the couple carved a huge mural from plaster panels. This work was shipped to Japan and was displayed on the wall above the area where Elijah and the others worked. At the close of Expo it was given to Japan for display in the Expo Museum of Fine Arts. Below Kenojuak's mural and inside an area formed by a display case, the sculptors carved plaster panels – a technique pioneered by Elijah and Kumakulu at Expo '67. Vertical stone plaques were also carved at Osaka, but Pangnerk and Paul were reluctant to try the bas-relief work, and carved three-dimensional figures at first. Once Pangnerk broke an arm from a figure he was carving, and after some reflection, broke off the other arm to match. Prince Charles of Britain received this Eskimo 'Venus de Milo'.

The men worked in a space some six feet by thirty feet, separated from the crowds by the display case containing Eskimo artifacts. As many as twelve thousand people each day passed close by, and about half of these would stop to watch and to question. The Japanese visitors, (some 95 per cent of the total) were most interested in the materials used, particularly the soapstone. They were also intrigued by the story of how James Houston, in 1957, studied under Japanese print-masters, and took the techniques back to Cape Dorset. The *hanga* wood block technique lingered in the work done by Elijah and thus the stream of artistic influence flowed full circle. Eventually to protect the jostled artists and the carvings a chain barrier was installed.

Unless one has known the great space and silence of the Arctic, the vital intimacy of Eskimo family life and the rhythm of hunting seasons, it is difficult to appreciate the tremendous achievement of the Eskimos at Expo '70. In a completely new land, amid the frenetic atmosphere of an international exposition, they daily produced art varying in quality from good average to excellent. For those prone to decry Eskimo work habits, I can report that Elijah and Saryu, the two who stayed the full six months, worked six days a week, six hours a day throughout, with only six additional days off. In addition, the men and Ikalik did occasional small sculptures and paintings at home.

One question often asked is 'How did the Eskimos adjust to the climate, food, customs and people of Japan?' As for climate, in March they shivered with the rest of us. In the hot sticky days of July and August the men wore long trousers when I could only tolerate shorts, and in their apartments the Eskimos used air conditioning less than my family did.

P. L. KYODAN

At a celebration during the cherry blossom festival, Keith Crowe talks to the patriarch of a religious colony.

The Japanese visitors to our pavilion were perennially heard to comment on the Eskimos' physical resemblance to themselves. One old lady, stooped from years in the rice fields, left in a huff, convinced that we were guilty of fraud. James Pootoogook helped to confuse matters more when he worked wearing *geta* (the high wooden Japanese clogs), in shorts, and horn rimmed glasses! One rainy day Elijah was turned back when on his way home from work by security guards who thought he was a Japanese tourist trying to jump the queue for the U.S.A. pavilion. If we went downtown to a movie, I would ask in Japanese for tickets, but invariably the cashier would reply to the Eskimos. As they stated several times, the Eskimos enjoyed the feeling of belonging physically, of mingling with the Japaneses people in a way not possible in Montreal or Toronto. It helped too, to see policemen, taxi drivers, shopkeepers and reporters who, for a change, looked like Eskimos.

Eskimo women who come to southern Canada usually abandon the use of the *amaut* or baby-carrying coat, because they feel too different. Since a similar outfit is worn by many Japanese mothers, Ikalik was able to carry on, and in summer she adopted the lighter Japanese *nenneko*. The Japanese preference for oblique statement, subjective thinking, and avoidance of face-losing confrontations, is similar to Eskimo custom. Another aspect of life in Japan that helped morale was the habit of giving gifts. Almost daily the Eskimos would receive a souvenir from stores, business firms or individuals. We received much kindness and hospitality from Japanese firms or municipalities who arranged frequent free bus tours, and in our daily problems individuals were often very helpful. These actions helped the Eskimos to feel at home. There were of course some obvious differences in character and behaviour, and in Eskimo eyes the Japanese are sometimes *uimayut*; like industrial peoples everywhere, they are too agitated.

I had hoped to find some links between the Eskimo language and the languages of the Ainu, Oroko, and Giliak peoples living in Hokkaido. Unfortunately, I had not had time to look at previous comparisons, but Mrs Tamura, a linguist from the Tokyo Institute, came to study the Eskimo language with our group. From our brief comparison of the three minority languages and Eskimo, there seems to be little obvious linkage. The sound pattern and to a lesser extent, the structure of Japanese seems more like Eskimo, and though of course no theory is implied, I list the following intriguing pairs, Japanese first, then Eskimo: *Ikima*—root form of verb to go, *Ikima*—root form of verb to ride; *Niku*—meat, *Nipku*—dried meat; *Ani*—older brother, *Anik*—woman's brother; *Inu*—dog, *Inuk*—person, Eskimo, (a common theme in the folklore of Mongol peoples is that of man and dog related in creation myths); *Umi*—the sea, *Umiak*—a boat; *Ki*—tree, *Kiyuk*—wood. Confusing and amusing were *Kuma*—bear, *Kumak*—louse; *Ima*—now, *Imar*—so, yes; *Kami*—hair, *Kamik*—boot.

ASAHI-SHIMBUN

Watching a high-school baseball game are baby Noovoaliak, Ikalik, Keith Crowe, Saryu, Koitsak, James Pootoogook, and Elijah.

MAINICHI SHIMBUN

In Elijah's apartment, Saryu, Ikalik with Koitsak who had fallen down stairs, and Elijah.

Beyond the little world of our pavilion, Expo itself was exciting, and at times overwhelming. We saw the elephants of Thailand, the R.C.M.P. Musical Ride, the dancers and batik crafters of Indonesia. The Eskimos saw sculptors at work from the U.S.S.R. and Gabon, and discussed hunting with aborgine dancers from Australia. One day a country-style Japanese fair was staged at Expo, and Paul came back to the pavilion greatly excited, carrying two baby rabbits—the first live rabbits he had ever held. On Alaska Day only two Alaskan Eskimo dancers arrived. Jenny, an Eskimo hostess at the Alaskan pavilion, was asked to dance with them to make up the number, and so were our three men. With drums borrowed from the Feux-Follets dance troop they rehearsed one evening in the apartments. The drums had to be dried out frequently over gas stoves as it was the rainy season and the hide sagged. Next day they danced, drummed,

NHK-TV

Awaiting a television interview in Osaka.

and sang in rain and wind, and later repeated the performance for television. The show itself, with so little rehearsal, was a disaster, but it was fun for Eskimos of lands 3,000 miles apart to meet and to compare carvings, clothing, and dialects.

In their apartments the Eskimos created an atmosphere of home, playing tape-recordings of church services or dances sent by friends and family. Letters were passed around, and we received various Eskimo language publications. Another important element in successful adjustment was the sense of community and co-operation which developed among Canadian and other employees. Many young Canadians and Americans found that the Eskimos come close to their ideal of people who are not materialistic, but informal, simple and creative. Tape recordings of wonderful musical evenings with the folk singers were taken back to the Arctic. Of course, it would be untrue to paint our lives and characters as idyllic—there was illness, loneliness, homesickness, drinking and argument, but really very little in view of the strain and strangeness of our situation.

In our free time we ranged as far afield as we could, often by rented mini-bus. We stayed in Japanese inns on the coast and the Inland Sea. After our day of swimming, fishing and sight-seeing we would take the Japanese bath, then stroll in Japanese clothes and clogs around the gardens. Our meals were served at low tables in our rooms, by maids in kimono who came and went through the sliding doors. We all became proficient with chopsticks, and raw fish presented no problem. In general however, Japanese meals, with their emphasis on vegetables, sauces and rice did not satisfy us.

During a tour of Osaka harbour we saw more ships anchored than the entire Arctic sees in a summer. We swam in public pools, and in a small unpolluted lake in the nearby hills. One hot night, Elijah, Saryu and I were on our way there, and by lamplight we watched thousands of frogs in the rice fields. Saryu was afraid of them, and a farmer's wife, disturbed by our antics put up all the shutters on her house. We visited a newspaper plant, a TV studio and baseball finals. Ikalik could not get over seeing the actors in a studio 'house', playing the parts she watched nightly on TV. We saw a cherry blossom festival, spent a day at an art seminar, and saw the world's biggest fireworks display.

Pangnerk had shot hundreds of caribou in Canada, but in the temple park at Nara he was scared when tame deer jostled him to be fed. One evening James took Saryu to a sauna, but Saryu is very ticklish. Every time the girl masseuse put her hands on him he would giggle, until everybody was laughing.

Edna's parents emigrated from Hiroshima to Canada early in the 1900s. She had never seen her Japanese relatives, and we visited Hiroshima for three days. Apart from this separation, our family and the Eskimos were together, and after the difficult 'shakedown period', the days moved swiftly. Paul left us late in July for the fall caribou hunt, but first he went with friends climbing in the Japan Alps. James started home in September via Hawaii and the same month Elijah and family, with Saryu, returned by the shortest route. Saryu's homecoming was tragic, as his wife died suddenly while he was still in Montreal waiting for the weekly plane north.

The theme of Expo '70 was peace and harmony for all mankind—grandiose, but worth trying for. The little group of Canadian Eskimos did justice to that theme. They were an integral part of Canada's success, and able ambassadors for their people, the *Inuit*. ◆

R. CROWE

Three young Canadians at a Japanese dance; Wendy Crowe, Kaitsak Pudlat, and Sabrina Boudot.

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE ARTIST WAS A YOUNG MAN
The Life Story of Peter Rindisbacher

By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas, 1970. 102 pp. 42 illustrations in colour and black-and-white. U.S. $12.50.

Reviewed by Clifford Wilson

Many long-time readers of this magazine will remember some of the illustrated articles it carried between 1945 and 1956 about the work of this young man, who came out to the Red River Settlement in 1821 at the age of 15, and became the first competent artist to portray scenes of Indian life on the prairies of North America.

Travelling with his family from Switzerland via Hudson Bay to Red River, where Winnipeg now stands, he became fascinated by the life of the natives in that part of Rupert's Land, and soon took to sketching them in their picturesque costumes—hunting the buffalo, fishing through the ice, sitting in their tipis, and travelling in winter and summer over the great plains. He also portrayed some of the life of the settlers and half-breeds in sketches which give a valuable insight into such details as costumes and house interiors.

In time he became so proficient that H B C officers and governors of the colony began to order copies of the scenes that most appealed to them, to send to their friends in Britain. The young artist was even sent out to the plains with the hunters when they went after buffalo, and soon was doing a land-office business with his sketches and watercolours.

But it was a hard life on the northern plains. Intermittent plagues of grasshoppers destroyed the crops, food was often scarce, and the winters, as now, were long and bitterly cold. Finally in 1826 came the worst Red River flood on record, when the log buildings of the settlers were swept away by the huge cakes of ice borne by the rushing waters, and the Swiss settlers finally decided it was time to head for the pleasanter life of the United States to the south. Thus from 1826 to 1834, when he suddenly died in St Louis, the artist carried on his work below the border, drawing on the scenes he had witnessed on the Canadian plains for much of his subject matter.

Only in recent years has a lively interest in his work been evinced by more than a handful of enthusiasts—as shown by the prices paid for it at auctions. Nine of his small watercolours belonging to Brigadier R. B. S. Reford were sold for a handsome sum by Christie's of London in 1964; and last year a large one was bought at Sotheby's in Toronto for $17,000.

The present volume contains easily the most complete account of his life and work yet to appear. Seven of the illustrations are in full colour, and Rindisbacher enthusiasts will find several in black-and-white that are new to them. One in colour, however, (Plate XIX), depicting a group of Indians from tribes along the Mississippi who met with Sir George Prevost in 1814, is not by this artist. The style is obviously not his, but inferior to it; and the date alone should be proof enough that it does not belong in this book.

(Incidentally it should be added that Mr Josephy, who is associate editor of *American Heritage*, and who wrote an article on the artist for the February issue last year, was not responsible for selecting or captioning the pictures.)

One other caption might be mentioned here—that under Plate VIII, 'An Eskimo and Child'. The people shown are Indians. Their physiognomy is definitely not Eskimo, as may be seen by comparison with Plate VII, and judging by the man's beaver 'toggy' worn over his shoulders, they are probably Cree.

Occasionally in this book the development of a painting is shown by placing the pencil sketch and the watercolour on facing pages, which gives rise to some interesting comparisons. The artist's work in pencil is often finely detailed, and in some cases is preferable to the finished watercolours. The drawing of the running buffalo bull is one of the best examples of his skill with the pencil, as well as of his knowledge of animal anatomy.

As an example of the lack of interest shown by so many Canadians in our early painters, it might be mentioned that most of the scenes (as opposed to portraits) in the book were found in the United States. Nine of them are owned by descendants, which is as it should be; but ten are in art museums or dealers' galleries. Only nine of them are now found in Canada. Those sold in the Christie sale came from the Province of Quebec and were bought by a celebrated New York dealer who recognized the increasing value of them. The large one sold last year in Toronto is now owned by the Amon Carter Museum, but it at least depicts an incident that occurred in what is now the United States.

There are, of course, many of Rindisbacher's watercolours and sketches in Canada as well as in the U.S.A. which are not illustrated. The Public Archives of Canada wisely bought forty of the earliest several years ago, depicting the sea voyage of 1821 and the boat voyage from York Factory to Red River, as well as some scenes on the banks of the Red, and four of them are illustrated. The Hudson's Bay Company has a few done before 1823, and the Manitoba Provincial Archives has five, while the Glenbow-Alberta Institute of Calgary has many of his delicate pencil drawings, bought—in a nice reversal of the usual practice—in the United States.

Clifford Wilson, retired assistant director of the National Museum, was formerly editor of 'The Beaver'.

MY BEAVER COLONY

By Lars Wilsson—Translated from Swedish by Joan Bulman. Souvenir Press, London, 30/-, 154 pages, illus. Ryerson, Toronto, 1969. $6.95.

Reviewed by Dieter H. Schwanke

Ah, the Beaver! Once abounding in the northern parts of our continent, it was he who was the first yearning of the early explorers of what is now Canada. From almost anywhere the trappers came into the wilderness to claim the beaver's costly pelt. First trappers, traders, and then the settlers and then industry, the story of our country.

And still the beaver is pursued in its hidden redoubts and although still part of our economy, we soon may cause this splendid animal to vanish. The beaver is masterfully well attuned to nature but he cannot cope easily with man's progress. Lars Wilsson's book illustrates this point quite tragically.

In 1940 the beavers came to live in the lovely valley of Faxalven in Sweden and did quite well. December 1956 a power station on the river created the need for river regulation; the book proceeds to tell us of the beavers' struggles. Lars Wilsson, a zoologist, began research about beavers in the hope of helping them, but could find very little information. Many evenings and nights he spent

observing beavers in the wild; his studies started seriously when he succeeded in capturing live beaver youngsters and kept them in a terrarium and glass-walled tank. Apart from its scientific purpose, the story of the captive beavers' births and deaths and their behaviour when they are released to frolic in the wilds is touching.

One almost believes a Swedish farmer who says that there are no animals more like people than the beavers. From their beaverish desire to work—given the right stimuli—to their affection for each other, beavers reveal themselves in activities much more fascinating even than the book's account of the meticulous grooming so necessary for the beaver's valued pelt.

The book is illustrated with gorgeous photographs, the only thing missing is a map: Faxälven valley runs west-east to the Gulf of Bothnia on Sweden's eastern coast, near 63 degrees northern latitude.

If you want to learn about these animals, although Lars Wilsson deals with European beavers, read this book; if you intend to trap them for a living, don't.

Naturalist, writer, broadcaster, Mr Schwanke edits the publication of the Zoological Society of Manitoba and has written many articles on wildlife.

TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD

By Charles Kuralt. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Toronto, 1968. 192 pages, illus. $7.25.

Reviewed by A. Stevenson

It is just about sixty years since what to many was the climax of the heroic age of polar exploration: the Peary-Cook epic of the attainment of the North Pole. Although the controversy of who was first, or whether either made it, is still the subject of debate by arctic authorities, historians, and others, there is no doubt both men were courageous arctic travellers who trekked by dog team over hummocky and often active pack ice facing the inevitable harsh climate of the Arctic they travelled.

As the aircraft developed and modern means of travel took over, men decided that overland or ice expeditions to the Pole were a thing of the past. However, in recent times there has been a surge of adventurers to reach the Pole over ice by dog-teams, skis or more modern means. One of these was during Centennial year in 1967 when a group of amateur adventurers undertook a remarkable journey towards the Pole. They used Ski-Doos in the first attempt to reach the top of the world by motorized vehicles. Their adventures and misadventures are told in this book.

A vivid description of the night of 29 April 1967, as the five men of the expedition huddled in their tent, one hundred miles offshore on the Arctic Ocean ice, reads:

'Fully dressed in their boots and parkas, their sleeping bags unzipped for easy exit, they stared upward at the violently flapping walls of their tents and listened. The next deafening spasm of the ice, they knew, might destroy their own floe and drop them into the sea. The next wild gust of wind might wrench the tents from their stakes and fling them away.

'The men had endured the storm for seventy hours. Their heating fuel was almost exhausted. Their food supply was beginning to run low. In thousands of square miles of frozen ocean, they were utterly alone, beyond hope of rescue. No one in the half-century since Peary had ever faced such an emergency.'

The author, Charles Kuralt, who accompanied the party, is a well known and widely travelled CBS news correspondent.

Although the 1967 expedition failed to achieve its goal, and this is where the book ends, the members gained a great deal of experience so that in 1968 they again set out and reached the Pole on April 9th. But that is another story. Not a book to be compared with the descriptive memoirs and reports of the explorers of old, *To the Top of the World* is nevertheless exciting and easily read and makes an interesting chapter in polar exploration. It contains a number of excellent photographs but lacks a map which would have been a useful guide for readers not familiar with the top of the world.

Alex Stevenson is chairman of the Northwest Territories Historical Advisory Board, and Chief, Northern Services Division, Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

The **Beaver**

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THE WORLD OF THE WOLF

By Russell J. Rutter and Douglas H. Pimlott. Lippincott, New York, U.S. $5.95; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1968. 202 pages, illus. $7.25

Reviewed by William O. Pruitt, Jr.

Books such as this are far too few. The photographs alone are well worth the price. The authors present highlights of man's traditional war against his most efficient competition as a predator. They also recount some of the wild and unproved tales about the alleged ferocity of wolves and their huge congregations that are supposed to ravage the countryside. Actually, the late Vilhjalmur Stefansson exploded the myths of the wolf pack more thoroughly in his book *Adventures in Error* published over thirty years ago, but the message certainly bears repeating (especially after the irrational display made by a group of Ontario wolf-haters).

Russell Rutter is a skilled field naturalist who is now Interpretive Naturalist at Algonquin Park. Dr Douglas Pimlott is Professor of Zoology at the University of Toronto. He has studied wolves not only on the Timber Wolf Research Program in Ontario (of which he was director) but also in the Arctic and in southern United States.

Many fascinating incidents are related by the authors about their tame wolves, both as pups and as adult animals. One of their study techniques was to take the tame wolves into the bush, to camp there with them and observe the wolves' behaviour in an unfettered condition. Only in such ways can we gain insight into the world of these mammals with such highly-organized nervous systems.

One of the most significant facts brought out so dramatically in the book is the tremendous reservoir of interest and good will for wolves present in the general populace. It is staggering to learn that the 'wolf howls' held in Algonquin Park in Ontario have attracted as many as *800* people at a time. Surely this fact alone, 800 people gathered just perchance to *hear* one single species of animal, more than justifies the efforts to ensure survival of that species. Those 800 people, and the thousands of other people who have travelled to hear the wild wolves howl, buy a lot of gasoline, food, tents and tires, for their camping trips to Algonquin Park and other wild places. Let us hope that the recently organized society of

Canadian Wolf Defenders can provide these people with a focus for activity.

The work of the Timber Wolf Research Program in Algonquin Park is still not well known. Thus I hope that this beautiful book is widely read and understood.

The World of the Wolf is fittingly dedicated: '*To Wolves, may men learn to appreciate their right to roam free in the wild places of the world.*'

Dr Pruitt, whose special interest is northern ecology, is with the Department of Zoology at the University of Manitoba. He is the author of 'Animals of the North'.

POTLATCH

By George Clutesi, illustrated by the author. Gray's Publishing Co., Sidney, B.C., 1969. 189 pages. $5.95

Reviewed by Edward F. Meade

At village summer fairs and at shows staged for the camera-clicking tourists, one sees West Coast Indians garbed in feather head-dress and regalia becoming to the Plains Indians, and one also sees them dressed in sackcloth, shuffling through what they pretend to be a ceremonial dance. The effect is painful and a little ludicrous. One feels that the Indian should not demean himself to perform according to the white man's ideas of what a West Coast Indian should be like.

But if not that, what should an Indian be like? If he does not know how he should dress in the ancestral way of the West Coast Indian—if, indeed, he does not know the proper dress or the dances, how can he be an Indian in any other way than the white man's way? Feathers and a heavy smearing of suntan lotion now make the Indian.

Watching these painful spectacles, one often feels that the Indian braves and maidens, shuffling through a meaningless dance, and yahooing to the hot afternoon air, themselves feel demeaned and put-upon, a little degraded. They are unsure: no conviction lies in their performance. Surely they would like to know the traditional dances, the rhythm and the choreography. Surely they would like to cast aside the potato sack dresses and adorn themselves as their proud ancestors did, in blanket and head-dress, mask and cedar-bark leggings. Surely, if they are to play the part they would like to be authentic Indians.

Let the cameras click, let the cigar smoke permeate the bandstand area, but down below on the platform in the blazing sun, let the Indian be a real Indian, if he feels he must be one at all for the white man's festivals.

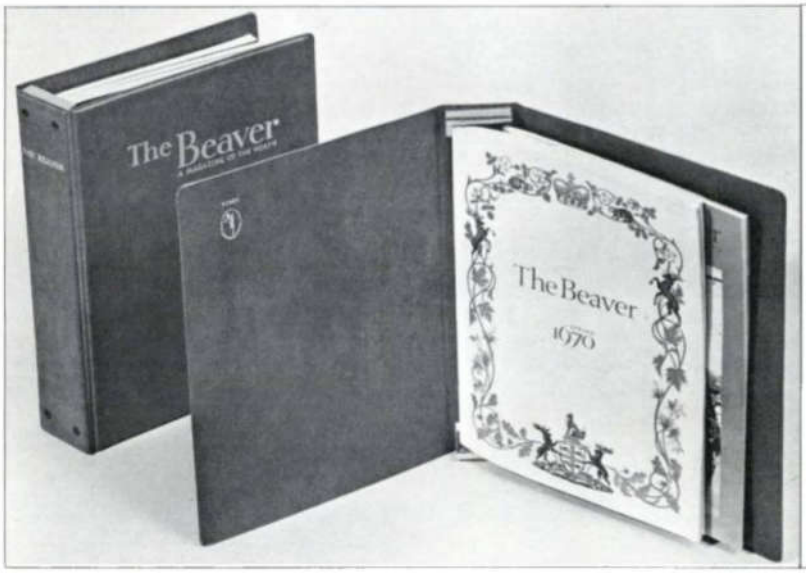
These thoughts came to me as I read *Potlatch* by George Clutesi who has done much to preserve and revive the traditions of his people. Here a Nootka author writes in detail the story of the great winter ceremonial known to the Nootkans as *Tloo-quah-nah*, or more usually *Klukwana*.

This was a winter ceremonial familiar to all the tribes of the Pacific Coast. It is a powerful and graphic story, reliving in detail the glory that was the potlach, in its true form, and Clutesi is a writer to express it. Frequently his prose is powerful, it lifts itself from the page, and one wonders what he could do if he was just a mite more careful and had a good editor at his elbow. There are repetitions that should have been deleted, and his poetry is poor. But there is strength and vitality in his prose, and one cannot help but see him grow to greater stature.

One would hope that the Pacific Coast Indians would read this book, to re-learn the ceremonies of the potlatch and to recapture much of the dignity of Indian life. For the Indian must re-learn his past. He must come to know what he is, as an Indian. He must re-learn the ancient ceremonials, the old ways. Only then can he become an Indian with pride and dignity. Above all, he must not submit to being an Indian according to the white man's ways.

George Clutesi has written a powerful and beautiful book for both whites and Indians. If the entertainment value is to the whites, and the message is to the Indians, so much the better.

Anthropology in relation to Indians of the Pacific Coast has for years been the avocation of E. F. Meade, free lance writer who lives on Vancouver Island.



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